

THE *Elks* MAGAZINE



E

FEBRUARY 1952

A Mystery Story
OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

Basketball Will Bounce Back
ARTHUR DALEY

Robert
McBride



PHOTOGRAPH BY KARSH OF OTTAWA

Make your next drink a better drink. Whether you prefer a cocktail or a highball, Lord Calvert offers a *unique flavor* and *distinctive lightness* matched by no other whiskey in the world. For of all the millions of gallons we distill — only the very choicest are set aside for this distinguished whiskey. So tonight, at home or at your favorite bar, enjoy Lord Calvert...the whiskey of distinction.

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MR. FREDERICK J. CORCORAN—distinguished sports executive—started as a caddie and at 18 was chosen the first official scorer for the U. S. Golf Assn. Later, he became an official in the National Hockey League. At 31 he was made Tournament Director of the Professional Golfers Assn. Under his astute direction, the PGA tournaments with their affiliations became a million-dollar business. Three years ago Fred Corcoran founded the fast-growing LPGA. Today he is also personal manager of many top stars in golf, baseball and football. On his record, Mr. Corcoran is considered the outstanding behind-the-scenes business executive in American sports.



TOM WRIGLEY WRITES FROM WASHINGTON

ONE LOOK AT what's inside those Federal Income Tax envelopes, already delivered to almost everybody over 21, reveals that the annual national headache will become very painful around March 15. Uncle Sam is after a \$5,500,000,000 tax boost, and no matter how you figure the forms, the bite is there. In general it's a 12½ per cent hike in all brackets. Might be a good idea, however, to study the instructions early and not wait until the deadline, for there are quite a few changes. The new law was passed after months of argument in Senate and House. Nobody claims it will anywhere near balance expenses, but it was the best Congress could agree on, what with an election year looming. No added taxes will be passed this session, according to the leaders. That's good news, but federal taxes are only part of the problem of paying the terrific cost of government. Many state taxes, sales taxes, luxury taxes and excise taxes have been increased. Postal rates have been hiked. All of which led the Grocery Manufacturers Association to come out with a survey which declares we now pay more money in taxes than we pay for food. In 1940, the survey shows, the national food bill was \$17.1 billion while taxes totalled \$12.7. In 1950, it says, the food bill had soared to \$52.5 billion but the national tax bill hit \$57 billion. Looks as though tax reducing diets are even less popular than food diets.

NEW LIGHTNING RODS

The newly rebuilt White House has lightning insulation which gives it the best possible insurance rating. Chances that the mansion will be damaged by lightning are practically nil, according to the underwriters. Other famous structures which have similar equipment include the Washington Monument and the Capitol.

FOR MEDICAL STUDENTS

Beginning in July the Army Medical Service will provide internships for 210 graduates from Medical schools. Sixty members of the group to be selected from the June graduating classes will be commissioned by the Air Force. The others

will be appointed army first lieutenants in the Army Medical Corps Reserve. All must take a formal 12-month internship at one of the 11 large army teaching hospitals before beginning one year's general medical duty in the United States or overseas. Those applying for the internships will be notified of their selection between March 14-31.

DEFENSE "WATCHDOG"

A special "watchdog" board of civilian experts is urged by the National Planning Association to guard against waste and inefficiency in defense spending. The experts would have authority to investigate everything concerning the rearmament program and report to the President, Congress and the public. The NPA is made up of farm, labor, business and professional leaders.

SENATE BOOK-BINDER

Someone seldom seen in the Capitol by visitors is Senate Book-Binder Edward Schaff. He works in a room high in the Capitol loft, far removed from noisy debate or committee investigations. An expert in the art of hand book bindery, Schaff is one of a disappearing craft. He learned his trade in New Orleans more than 40 years ago and wouldn't trade jobs even with a senator or representative. Some of the books in the huge Senate Library are priceless. Schaff reconditions them with loving hands. The rarest and most treasured are hand-bound completely in leather, hand-embossed with pure gold lettering.

DEMAND BETTER ROADS

Members of Congress and State Legislatures are scratching a political ear which is burning from widespread demands by citizens for more and better roads. Broken-down highways are now clogged with 52 million vehicles, and there are charges from the American Trucking Associations that the whole defense buildup is being dangerously slowed because of highway congestion. Congress, which has been studying the situation, is going slow on legislation to control further the weight and size of trucks. There is little possibility any law

will pass this session which will restrict development of truck transportation. Meanwhile, a breakdown of how motorists' gasoline taxes are spent for non-highway expenses might prove interesting.

RED TAPE PROBLEM

Government workers have been told in effect to take their old rubbers, lunch boxes, bottles and such out of filing cabinets in order to make room for new mountains of records. Well over a million cubic feet of official records were added last year, which is enough to fill more than 200,000 file cabinets. Old records are being destroyed as fast as legal authority to do so is granted, but space is at a premium. Over a half million cubic feet of inactive records have been moved into storage, thus clearing out 10,000 filing cases. Government records, says General Services Administrator Jess Larson, now occupy a total of 20 million cubic feet.

WOMEN'S FEET BIGGER

Here's bad news for the little woman. Her feet are getting bigger. Women's feet in fact are now a full size bigger on the average than they were in 1930. Bureau of Standards experts say it's all because women are more active today, use their feet more. Girls, they say, are more athletic, wear sandals a lot. Hosiery records show the most popular size now is 10, second 9½, third 10½. Men's feet are not changing, probably because they're big enough as is.

COST-TAGS ON GUNS

GI's will be taught to be cost-conscious and take better care of equipment under a new idea okayed by the Army. A soldier issued a new M-1 automatic rifle will find a \$95 cost tag on it. Hand grenades are \$1.11 each; bazookas, \$70; gas masks, \$18.25; helmets, \$4.56 and a 77 mm. recoilless rifle, \$1,415. If the GI needs to be really impressed he can look at the tag on a jeep—\$2,576—or the \$50,000 tag on a 155 mm. howitzer. An armored passenger vehicle carries a \$172,000 tag and a big tank has a \$227,985 label—ammunition, etc., extra.

Elk Dealers



YOUR
FEW MINUTES
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TO US!

When a publication solicits advertising it is necessary to know everything possible about the readers. We know, as you do, that the men who read *The Elks Magazine* are a better than average group. We know that thousands of Elks are financially interested in, or are managers of, retail stores—but we don't know exactly how many there are. If we had this information it would be a great help in our efforts to get more advertising in your magazine. With this in mind, we are asking for just a few minutes of your time to let us know if you are financially interested in or manage a store and what kind of merchandise it sells.

Won't you then take those few minutes to carefully fill out the coupon below and mail it to us? We are particularly interested in automobiles and accessories, hardware, men's wear and other products which men buy.

Your cooperation will be much appreciated.

THE ELKS MAGAZINE

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VOL. 30

No. 9

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE GRAND LODGE BY THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION.

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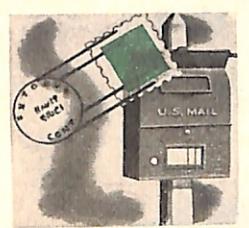
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What Our Readers



Have to Say

Your editorial, "To See Ourselves . . .", has prompted me to tell you some of the things

that I like about our Magazine. I always look for the Message from the Grand Exalted Ruler. The News of the Lodges and State Associations are always interesting and informative. This is the only way we know what is going on in the other parts of the country. Your pictures are always interesting and the photography is excellent. The feature articles on the topics of the day are the best that can be found anywhere. The "Elks Family Shopper", towards the end of the year, solves the problem of what to buy for Christmas and the family enjoys looking over the novel merchandise displayed. Keep up the good work and you will always have reader interest.

Frank J. Holt

D.D.G.E.R. (Florida South)

Miami, Fla.

Congratulations on the December issue of *The Elks Magazine*. The electric train cover is the best for the year!

Thomas C. Mee

Providence, R.I.

I receive *The Elks Magazine* and I want to thank you for it, as I enjoy reading it very much. I always read every word of it. I have been an enthusiastic Elk for over forty years. We do some wonderful things, as for instance the cerebral palsy program.

George W. Richards

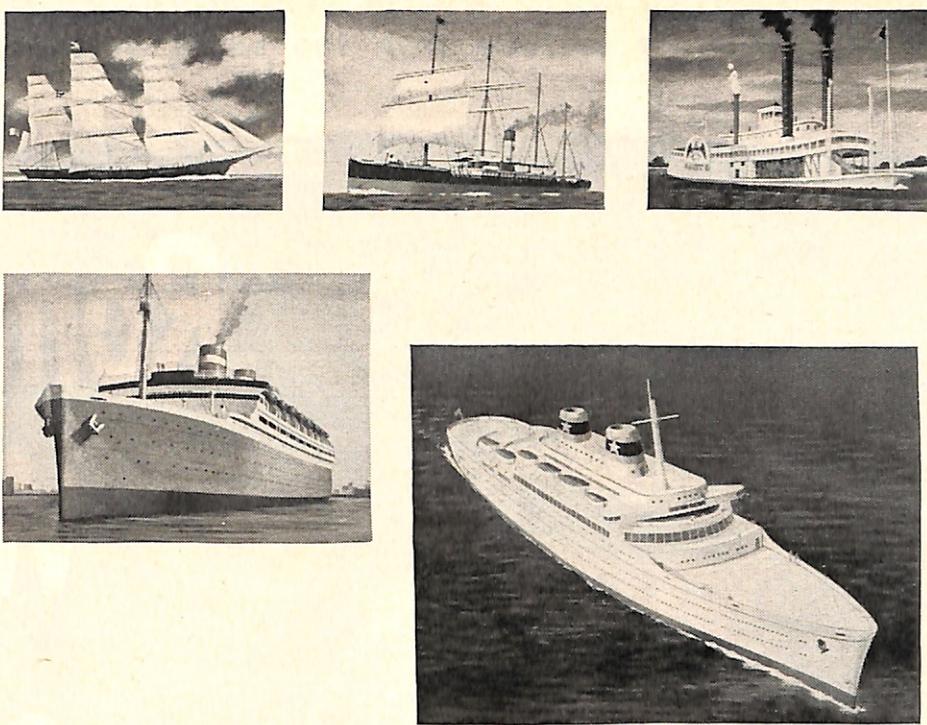
Greenwich, Ohio

Your editorial, "To See Ourselves . . .", in the November issue of *The Elks Magazine*, prompts me to write this letter, although it has been my intention to do so before this, to tell you how much I have enjoyed reading and receiving the Magazine ever since I was awarded one of your scholarships in 1943. In addition to the editorials, I think your articles on communism are excellent and timely, for this is a subject about which I feel too few of our citizens keep themselves completely and accurately informed; and it has long been my belief that this is the deadliest menace ever to face the American people in our entire history. Therefore, articles and editorials which enlighten the reading public on this dangerous threat to our liberty are, in my opinion, always extremely worthwhile. In my opinion, the Magazine cannot be improved upon.

Mrs. Lois Vandercreek

Omaha, Nebraska

(Continued on page 44)



**Paul Jones has made
the voyage more pleasant
for five generations!**



And five generations of experience have produced a whiskey with the extra mildness, extra smoothness, extra-rich, mellow flavor you usually expect only from much higher-priced whiskies.

But, there's no extra charge for experience. That's why we think you'll agree when you taste Paul Jones: *you just can't buy a better drink!*

**Paul
Jones**



Frankfort Distillers Corporation, N. Y. C. Blended whiskey.

86 proof. 72½% grain neutral spirits.

Three men were in love with the same girl, but they found that

Romance Wears a Shroud



BY OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

ILLUSTRATED BY HY RUBIN

THE VOICE THAT came to him over the telephone sounded terrified, as though the girl to whom it belonged was fighting a losing battle against hysteria.

But that was later. The afternoon had been calm, the evening started pleasantly enough. . . .

Alan Keith reached the Blakesley promptly at six o'clock, parked his car in a two-hour zone, walked upstairs to his apartment, went to the window and looked down at the hustle and bustle of Hollywood Boulevard several blocks below and commenced to whistle softly—and not too accurately—the love theme of a current picture.

He had bought the very fine copy of the Picasso for which Sharon had expressed vast enthusiasm (though Alan couldn't figure why), had paid more for it than he really could afford, had taken it to her apartment and hung it on the wall opposite the couch where she couldn't fail to see it. Of course, if and when he sat on the couch with her, it would be within range of his vision, too, but he figured that inasmuch as he was usually pleasantly occupied when he and Sharon were together, he wouldn't have to look. Gazing at copies of Picasso's art was not Alan's idea of the maximum enjoyment which one could find indoors.

His doorbell rang, and the buzzing was followed immedi-

ately by an insistent pounding. Alan crossed the living room, opened the door and confronted Jimmy Rogers who lived in 210, right down the hall. Jimmy was three years older than Alan (which made him 31), was a friend and an attorney, and his only bad habit was that he usually stuck around when he wasn't wanted. Jimmy's parents, reflected Alan Keith bitterly, had failed to teach their young son the most important fact of life, which was that three could be a tremendous crowd.

Jimmy barged in now, exuding good cheer and talking with a bounce in his voice. He poked Alan in the ribs with a playful forefinger and said accusingly, "You make it hard for a guy to be nice to you. I called your office several times to invite you and Sharon to have dinner with me and then go to the fights at the Legion Stadium. A foolish

client gave me three ringside seats. Now, how come you weren't working as any young and ambitious architect should have been doing? Your secretary said you had gone to visit an art dealer."

"I sneaked out to do a good deed. I went to Sharon's apartment."

"Huh?" Jimmy Rogers looked surprised. "Wasn't this the afternoon she said she was going back to see that silly movie for the second time?"

"It was. And that's why I went to her apartment. Because she was out."

"One of us," stated Jimmy vehemently, "is crazy, and please don't get angry because I'm merely trying to insult you. To visit Sharon when she's home is a rare delight. To visit her when she isn't there strikes me as an utter absurdity."

"I was doing a good deed. Fixing up a surprise. Sharon loves surprises."

"Then she must have been ecstatic when she found herself engaged to a lug like you. What sort of surprise?"

"There was a picture she wanted. I bought it, took it to her place, hung it beautifully . . . and tonight I expect to reap my reward."

Jimmy's expression was lugubrious. "Why can't I ever think of cute things like that? Maybe if I had ever learned how, Sharon would be marrying me instead of you."

Alan grinned. "She isn't marrying anybody yet," he reminded. "You seem to forget that she's got a husband."

"Oh! Him!" Jimmy shook his head. "What a prime louse."

"How are the divorce negotiations getting along?"

"Not so good. They haven't lived together for almost a year. He doesn't want her, but he does enjoy seeing her miserable. So he's refusing to give her her freedom and is living such an exemplary life that she can't cook up any grounds of her own. When I think of a swell gal like that tied to a pudgy, stodgy, sadistic man like Don Halsey I want to do violent things."

"Whenever you decide to do 'em, Jimmy, I'll help."

"I'll count on that. Now how's about dinner at the Hollywood Derby and then the fights? I'm a lonely man. If I can't enjoy young love, I like to be within radiation distance of it."

Alan said, "We-e-ell . . ." not knowing how to refuse the invitation, and not wanting to accept. "Let's leave it up to Sharon."

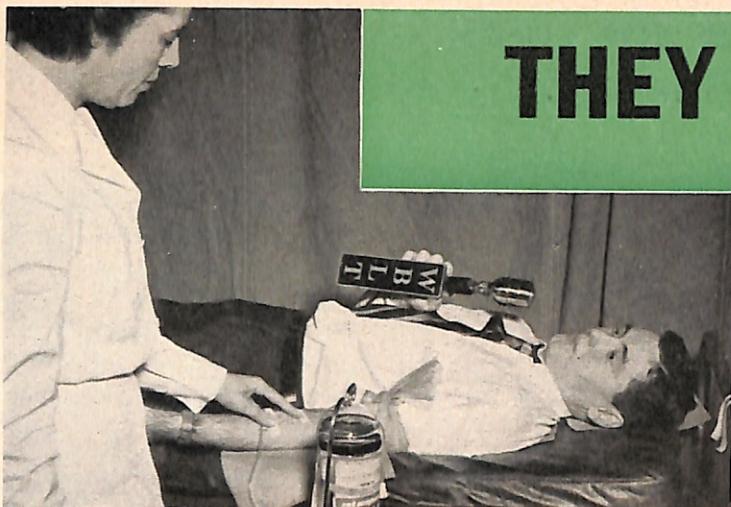
"Fine! She'll hate the idea as much as you do, but she'll be too polite to say so. We'll have *such fun!*"

The telephone rang. It rang (*Continued on page 50*)

The voice that came to him sounded

**terrified, as though she was fighting
a losing battle against hysteria.**

THEY HAVE GIVEN



LINTON, IND.



OREGON CITY, ORE.

Our goal is 1,000,000 pints of blood for our Armed Forces. Have you done your part?



TACOMA, WASH.



LAWRENCEVILLE, ILL.



EVANSTON, ILL.

ELOKS all over the country are pushing toward the goal of a million pints of blood for our Armed Forces. Lodge participation reports are pouring in, and some of these are represented photographically on these pages.

UNIQUE IDEA

An interesting sidelight is supplied by Robert A. Scott, Jr., son of the Superintendent of the Elks National Home in Bedford, Va., and a member of Linton, Ind., Lodge. Program director for radio station WBLT in Bed-

ford, young Scott gave his pint of blood while broadcasting a description of the procedure. He's credited with greatly stimulating the drive in WBLT territory.

Another note of interest comes from Oregon City, Ore., Lodge. When Grand Exalted Ruler Howard H. Davis made his official visit there with Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Lonergan and lodge officials, he saw a blood bank unit operating under Elk sponsorship.

(Continued on page 30)



FORT WALTON, FLA.



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UTICA, N. Y.

Observer-Dispatch



WOONSOCKET, R. I.



PEKIN, ILL.



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INDIANAPOLIS, IND.



GREAT FALLS, MONT.

Basketball Will Bounce Back

**No small group can permanently
damage a great American sport
with the appeal of basketball.**

ABASKETBALL has plenty of bounce in it. The sport of basketball is just as resilient and cannot help but spring back in a mighty recoil from the scandals that have beset it, Calamity Janes to the contrary.

The bury-'em-quick mourners obviously haven't been studying their history lessons. There is hardly a sport you can name which hasn't gone through frightening phases of scandal. At one time or another the dread fix has hit baseball, boxing, horse racing, football and every other form of athletic activity which has gained sufficient popularity to make tampering worth while to the parasites who actually don't belong to the game but live on it.

Yet all these other sports have not only survived but have expanded to even greater size. The reason? It's rather obvious. All of them are fundamentally sound and inherently beneficial. So is basketball.

In fact the dribble diversion is more extraordinary than any of the others. Not only is it completely American in origin but it is the youngest of all the major sports and also the biggest. The eminent athletic historian, Frank Menke, estimates that 75,000,000 court addicts watch the hoop artists each year, ten million more than baseball, which is supposedly "our national game".

The main trouble with basketball is that it grew too big too fast. The chances are that historians of 1975 will glance light-heartedly back to the scandals of the mid-century mark, the very thing which is horrifying us now, and dismiss them as "growing pains."

It is almost impossible to view proceedings from such a perspective at the moment. But basketball is a lot younger than you think. From a technical and actual standpoint the game was invented by Dr. James Naismith as a winter fill-in sport at the Springfield, Mass., Y.M.C.A. late in 1891, with the first contest played on Jan. 20, 1892. Although simple subtraction would make the court game 60 years old, it's an illusory age. You can throw out those first thirty years, when it was struggling to survive.

You also can disregard the next ten years when it was still in its teens, groping toward maturity. It's only in the past two decades that it became a monstrous sort of

BY ARTHUR DALEY

Sports columnist, "New York Times"

ILLUSTRATED BY WOODI

whopper, outgrowing all its other playmates in sports.

Once upon a time a transcontinental traveller would notice the youngsters of the country playing catch or maybe even engaging in a real game of baseball. It mattered not whether he was flitting through a crowded city or the open farmlands. It was the same—north or south, east or west or smack in the center, the midwest.

But that same traveller of today would undoubtedly find more youngsters shooting baskets. The hoops would be hanging from formal playground uprights or from the wall of a barn or from a tree. Out in far off Astoria in Oregon there are baskets virtually on every street corner. An Indiana schoolboy tournament will draw as many as 800 teams. Pause for a moment and let that sink in—not 800 individuals but 800 teams!

It's probable that other states and other sections of the country will dispute the statement that Indiana is the hottest hot spot of basketball in the world. Yet here are a few other facts that you're welcome to try on for size.

THE TOWN of Martinsville, Ind., has a basketball arena seating 5,000 spectators, one that's filled to overflowing whenever there's a game. The population of Martinsville is 5,000. There are other communities with arenas which have seating capacities in excess of the population. A decade ago when the triumphant Hammond schoolboy team returned from a tournament victory it was greeted at the station by a joyous mob of 50,000 out of a total population of 70,000.

Just as football talent scouts raid Pennsylvania, so do basketball talent scouts raid Indiana, with metropolitan New York running a close second. Hoosiers are scattered all over the country on various college teams.

Never was this more manifest than one occasion when Southern California played California at Berkeley. The California band did not follow the accepted custom of playing the Trojan song. Instead, it mischievously played "Back Home in Indiana," in mocking deference to all the Hoosiers on the Southern Cal squad.

The appeal of basketball is so immense that it has spread from its original root (*Continued on page 38*)



woodi

ROD & GUN

BY DAN HOLLAND

The first run of a bonefish is one of the great moments in fishing.



A FELLOW I know was pond fishing for bass one day when a passing outboard loaded with tourists fouled his casting line. He yelled and shouted at them and waved his hat in the air, but it

did no good; they couldn't hear him above the roar of the motor. One of the tourists did notice his frantic motions and waved back friendly like. As he watched the line disappear rapidly from his reel, the boat commenced to turn, which gave him just a flicker of hope that he might land it after all; but at that moment it reached the end of the line and broke it off—at the reel, of course. He lost his bass plug and about seventy-five yards of good line, and he would have lost his rod and reel if he hadn't been holding on tightly. The most exciting battle he ever had in that pond, he said.

I never hooked an outboard, but I had a little old bonefish do almost the same thing to me one day. It was just as hopeless a feeling. The difference was that the bonefish never turned, even a little bit. He just went straight until he hit the end of my free line. Luckily I was fly fishing with a comparatively light leader which broke at the fly, so that I lost only a white bucktail and a bonefish. I didn't lose a whole outboard full of tourists.

The bonefish is one of the most highly praised of game fish, and this ability to run and run and keep on running, as on a full tank of gas, is the reason. Rarely does any other species of fish put on a similar performance, but a bonefish does it consistently. As sure as you hook one, you know he is going to head for the horizon. It's his trade mark, his claim to fame.

Actually, if a fisherman is properly equipped and keeps reasonably cool, he will land a good percentage of the bonefish he hooks. A bonefish doesn't jump and shake a hook like a bass, tarpon or muskie; he doesn't possess the sudden change of pace and subtle tactics of the trout; he doesn't shake his head and tear things loose like a snook or pike. His mouth is gristly tough, and he rarely if ever shakes a hook once it is well set. His game is to take off and run and run, at an incredible speed and with unbelievable endurance, until something breaks. The man who hooked the outboard could land a bonefish on the same rod he uses for pond bass fishing, but not with just seventy-five yards of line.

Likely the bonefish would pop it as effectively as did the boat.

A bonefish will commonly run off a hundred yards of line on his first dash and maybe two hundred, a figure usually listed more impressively by bonefish enthusiasts as six hundred feet. It is impressive, all right, all the more so if the fisherman has seen the size of the bonefish before he starts his run. The bonefish is not a large fish, at least in relation to his performance. The one racing out more than a hundred yards of line, without a pause and seemingly at the speed of a torpedo, may be only two feet long, no longer than the average pike. Most of them weigh about six or eight pounds, and a ten-pounder is exceptionally large. The heaviest ever recorded, taken in Hawaii, weighed only sixteen pounds.

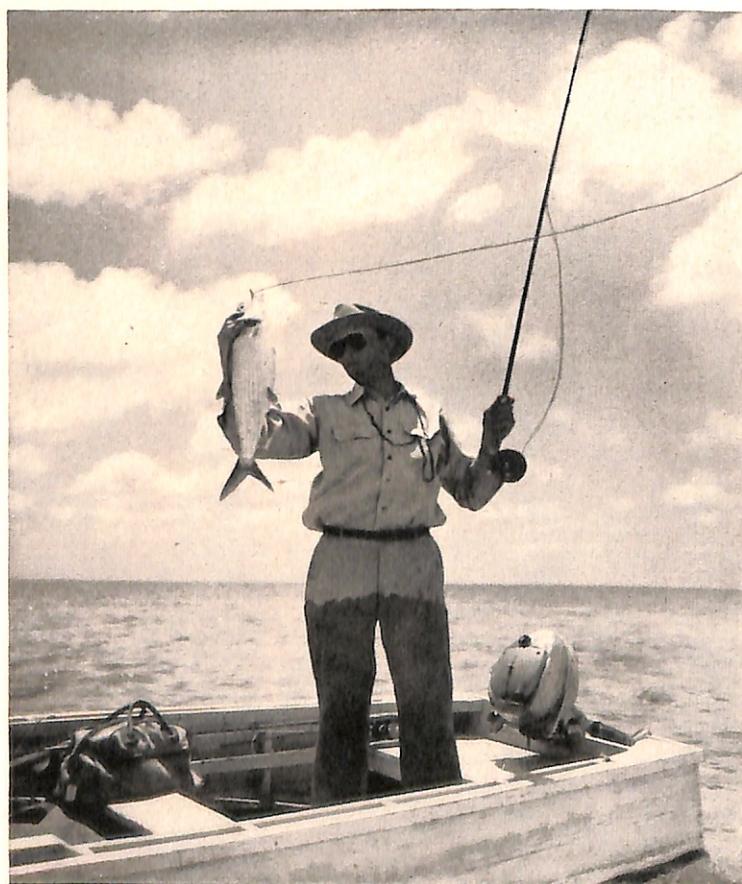
THERE ARE three outstanding things about the bonefish which place him high on the list of game fish. The first, of course, is this fantastic first run. No other fish can compare with it in this

regard. The surroundings and conditions under which he is fished for are also unique. The third thing which sets him off by himself among salt-water fish is his shyness, a trait which demands the fishing caution practiced by the fresh-water angler.

Bonefish feed on shallow sand flats, commonly in water less than a foot deep. Wherever there are such sand flats in tropical waters, no matter whether they are in Bimini, the Florida Keys, Cuba, Hawaii or Africa, there is good fishing. They feed mostly during the period of shallow water—that is, from the time the tide is half out through low water until the tide is half in again. Big ones may travel across the flats singly, but usually they work in small schools, searching for crabs and other crustaceans on which to feed.

On most such bonefish grounds the water is as clear as the air, the sand bottom is white and the sun is bright. The fisherman has a perfectly clear picture of

(Continued on page 48)



Ted Trueblood, who alternates with Dan Holland as the author of our Rod and Gun column, holding up a bonefish weighing 7 or 8 lbs. caught on a white bucktail at Upper Matecumbe Key, Florida.

ELKS

NATIONAL SERVICE COMMISSION

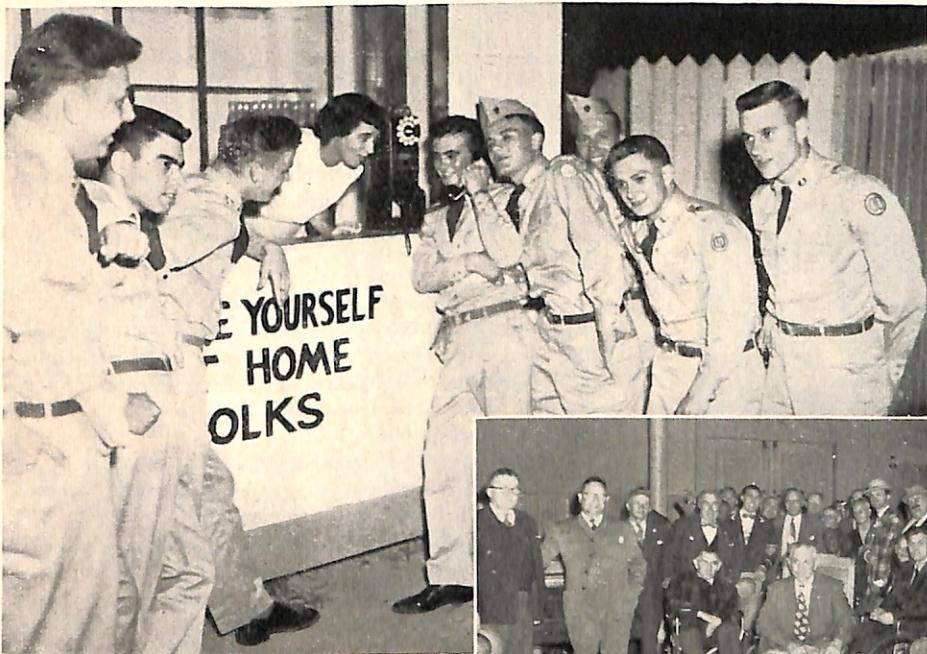
ACTIVITIES



One of the entertainers provided by the Elks of Detroit, Mich., circulates through the auditorium of the VA Hospital during one of the programs.



The entertainment provided on Northern Kentucky Elks Night at the Veterans Hospital in Fort Thomas brought great pleasure to these servicemen.



Above: A free telephone call home is one of the features offered servicemen at the Columbia, S. C., Elks Fraternal Center. Here Corporal Frye talks to Wesson, N.D., as friends await turns.



Above: Some of the 500 veterans at the Bath Veterans Hospital during the "Gay Nineties Review" given for their enjoyment by Cortland, N.Y., Elks.



Left: These veterans are enjoying one of the many programs put on for their entertainment by the Alabama Elks Committee.



The Davis Birthday Classes

HOWARD R. DAVIS, the Grand Exalted Ruler, found his 1951 birthday, Nov. 29th, celebrated during the entire month when hundreds of lodges welcomed special groups of outstanding Americans under the banner of "Howard R. Davis Birthday Classes", some of which are represented photographically on these two pages.

Dignitaries Attend

It was more than fitting that many of the Grand Exalted Ruler's District Deputies were on hand to represent him at these ceremonies. In many cases they were joined by State Association officials and other dignitaries. Mr. Davis himself was present at the Harrisburg, Pa., event.

Interesting Sidelights

The Palo Alto, Calif., ceremony found 30 men joining the Order, one being initiated for Ellwood City, Pa., Lodge. The Fargo, N. D., Class came from the nearby town of Casselton and included both businessmen and farmers. One of our most distant lodges, San Juan, P. R., reported one of the largest groups, initiating 39 men.

Notes on Classes Not Pictured

Among the many lodges not covered pictorially were San Antonio, Tex., which welcomed 22 new members, and Escanaba, Mich., Lodge whose rolls are 36 names longer. State Pres. Gerald C. Nau was guest of honor at the Wooster, Ohio, affair.

Organized only 16 months ago, Covington, Ga., Lodge initiated 37 candidates in the presence of D.D. L. S. Jamison and other dignitaries.

Offering a large increase to the Order's membership lists were the Davis Classes initiated by Modesto, Calif., Woodward, Okla., Anaconda, Mont., Manistique, Mich., San Jose, Calif., Lewiston, Idaho, and Portsmouth, Ohio, Lodges.

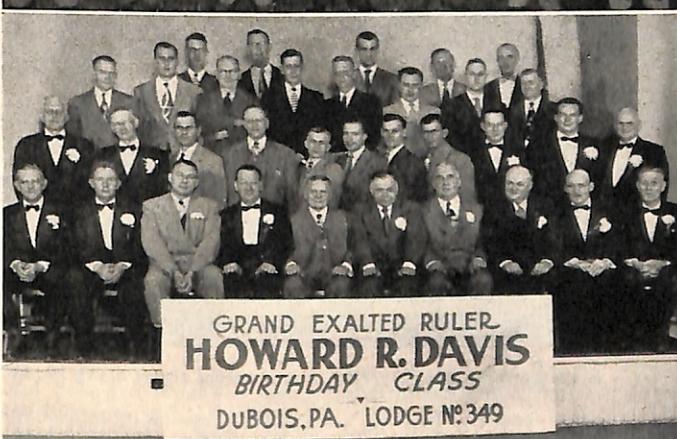
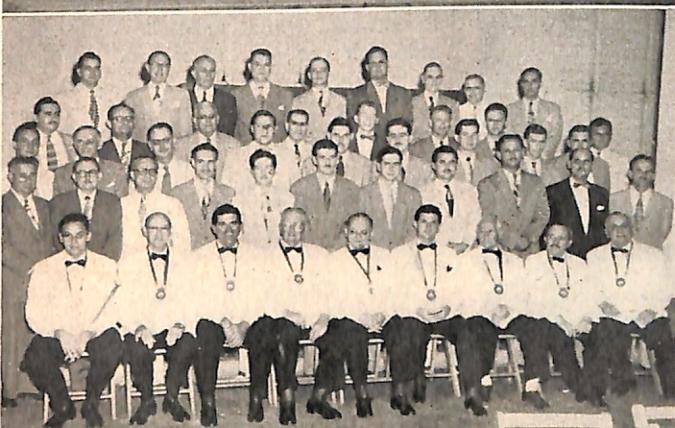
Other Lodge Officers Do Honors

The officers of Kenosha, Wis., Lodge were guests of Milwaukee Lodge when the out-of-towners initiated the Davis Class for their hosts, and the Dallas Elks' Ritualistic Team was on hand to initiate 38 new members for Denison, Tex., Lodge which also welcomed four former members back to the fold and two more on transfer.

Family Affairs

In the large group of Salisbury, Md., Davis initiates, five were sponsored by their Elk fathers and Geneva, N. Y., Lodge's E.R. J. H. McClain saw his father and brother become Elks in the Davis Birthday Class he initiated.

1. Sterling, Colo.
2. Bremerton, Wash.
3. Palo Alto, Calif.
4. Fargo, N. D.
5. Malone, N. Y.
6. Pasadena, Calif.
7. Columbia, S. C.
8. Harrisburg, Pa.
9. San Juan, P. R.
10. Kaukauna, Wis.
11. Charleston, Ill.
12. Dayton, Ohio
13. Reading, Pa.
14. Dubois, Pa.
15. Red Lodge, Mont.
16. Washington, Mo.





A customer in Stoeger's Fifth Avenue store sights along the barrels of a shotgun.

GUNSHOP *to the World*

**From muzzle-loaders to big game
rifles, Stoeger's has them all.**

BY DICKSON HARTWELL

SEVERAL YEARS AGO a prisoner languishing in Pennsylvania's Graterford Penitentiary suddenly had his hopes revived. For a decade he had failed to prove himself innocent of murder. Then he overheard a fellow inmate say something called Stoeger Arms Corporation was the world's authority on firearms and ammunition. He wrote his lawyer at once, asking him to lay the evidence in his case before Stoeger officials.

The facts appeared damning enough. He had run from a Philadelphia policeman and been shot at. He had returned the fire. An innocent bystander had been killed. The fatal bullet was a .38 caliber; his revolver was a .38. He was sentenced to life for murder.

At the Stoeger offices in New York the attorney put the evidence on the table. Wise, pipe smoking Stoeger manager, Chris Leininger, read the testimony carefully, pondered a moment and finally pushed back his chair. "Your client didn't commit that murder," he said. "It's impossible."

The victim, he pointed out, had been killed with a .38 *special* bullet. The prisoner was shooting a Harrington and Richardson which fired .38 caliber ammunition but not .38 *special*. "The policeman's favorite is a .38 *special*," said Leininger. "But the cartridge is too long for an H and R cylinder. Even if it could be loaded, the gun wouldn't function with .38 *special* ammunition. The cylinder couldn't turn." On the strength of Leininger's affidavit the prisoner was released.

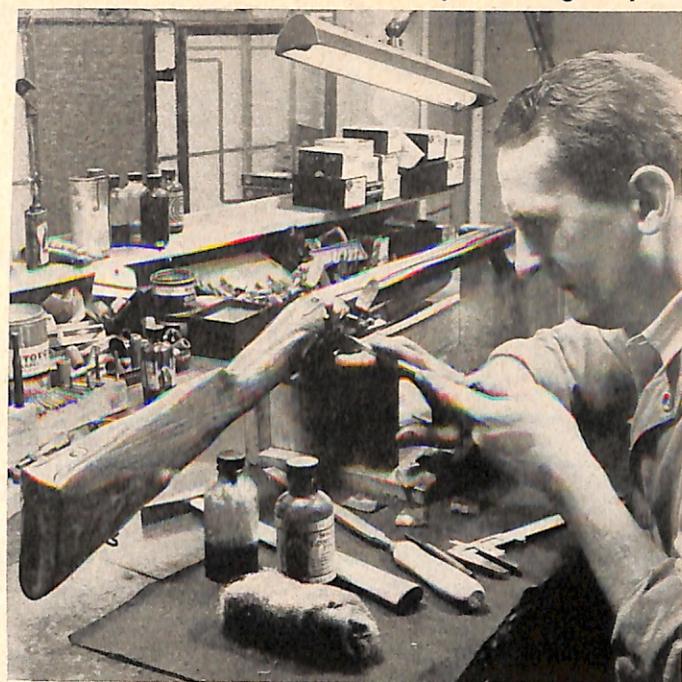
This incident illustrates the unique position of the world's largest distributor of imported and domestic firearms and publisher of an annual volume of such authority that its name, "The Shooter's Bible", has never been challenged, either for fact or sacrilege. Stoeger (pronounced Stayger) Arms Corporation, now directed by Alexander F. Stoeger, Jr., son of the founder, not only numbers its regular customers in the hundreds of thousands but has done business in every recognized country in the world, and in some that are not.

To several million hunters and other admirers of fine firearms Stoeger's second floor store on New York's Fifth Avenue has somewhat the same significance as Mecca to a Moslem. Friends use it freely as a meeting place, though they may buy something but once a year. United Nations delegates, including Secretary General Trygve Lie, flock in, some with interpreters (Stoeger's staff speaks a smattering of five languages), to purchase or simply to ogle.

Many convention visitors to New York regard Stoeger's as one of the sights of the city. Often a man wearing a convention badge comes in with his wife, sets her down in a chair, and wanders about the long, narrow store drooling over the displays of shotguns, rifles and hand guns. He asks all the questions he wants



The gunsmith at Stoeger's Long Island City offices mounts a sight with the help of a small target outside the window.



The gun in the vise is a muzzle-loading flint-lock, still made in Belgium for use by African natives in remote areas.

to; nobody suggests that he buy anything. When his feasting is over he picks up the little woman and says, "O.K. Now we'll go see Radio City."

Stoeger's world-wide customers include maharajas (who order single-barrel shot-guns for their palace guards), Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands, General Omar Bradley and former Ambassador to U.S.S.R. General Bedell Smith. Included, too, are oil-rich Oklahoma Indians, South American revolutionists (who confidently place orders for a thousand pistols at a clip, but don't get delivery), African big game hunters and small boys whose negotiations for \$1.00 worth of paper targets are treated as seriously as a sportsman's request for a 12-gauge Holland and Holland. When President Roosevelt wanted a rifle to present to the Shah of Iran during the Teheran conferences in War II he ordered it from Stoeger's.

General Bradley dropped in recently for one of his periodic visits and asked store manager John T. Meehan to see an air rifle. Meehan did a double take and picked one from the rack. While the general was looking it over Meehan was overcome by curiosity. "General," he said politely, "as Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff you command more firepower than any man in the world. You can pull down on a target anything from a guided missile to a battery of howitzers. What in heaven's name do you want with an air rifle?"

"It's the only thing I can use in my house at Ft. Myer," Bradley said mildly. "Got squirrels in the attic."

Among the more devoted of Stoeger's customers are a small but tenaciously cohesive group of sportsmen who have foresworn modern weapons for the old muzzle loader that made Daniel Boone famous. These are members of The Na-

tional Muzzle Loading Rifle Association, of which Alex Stoeger is a life member. Many of them use the original guns of the time. But Johnny-come-lately's, who find it difficult or expensive to secure an authentic old gun in operating condition, buy new muzzle loaders from Stoeger's. These are made in Belgium for sale to African natives to whom the use of modern weapons is forbidden.

Another unique class of customers appeared when Israel was fighting for its independence. Stoeger's sold more rifles and hand guns then to people who had never handled firearms than ever before or since. A well dressed lady or gentleman, obviously more at home in a country club than a hunting lodge, would appear and gingerly order a Marlin .30/.30 and several thousand rounds of ammunition. An old B-17, which flew from New York without official sanction and headed

(Continued on page 44)



This Hammerli target rifle, made in Switzerland, is equipped with too many shooter's gadgets to be legal in domestic matches. Designed for free style, off-hand matches, it has an adjustable butt plate, a very fine sight with an adjustable aperture, a special palm rest

and a trigger with a light pull and an unusual amount of take up. The barrel is guaranteed to score 100 points from machine rest in a 12 millimeter circle at a distance of 75 meters. It shoots a .22 long rifle bullet, weighs 15½ pounds and is 47" in over-all length.

News of the Lodges



Remann Hall, home for youngsters of delinquent parents, receives a television set from Tacoma, Wash., Lodge through Director Herb Ward, Committee Chairman Dick Tilley, E.R. H. L. Duncan.



Grand Treasurer William J. Jernick welcomes the soldiers of Battery "B" of the 526th AAA Gun Battalion, N. J. Lodge whose club rooms are open to servicemen each Tuesday night.



P.D.D. Herbert L. Odlund installs Harvey Pound as Exalted Ruler of the newly-instituted Kirkland-Bellevue, Wash., Lodge. Edwin J. Alexander, Grand Lodge State Assns. Committeeman, left, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Emmett T. Anderson, center, and D.D. Herbert Person, right, look on.



When United Nations Day was observed in Wisconsin Rapids, Wis., and no official UN Flag suitable for display was found, the local Elks purchased one large enough for use on the city flagpole and presented it through E.R. Robert Schill, right, to Mayor C. C. Knudsen, also an Elk.

Washington Elkdom Welcomes Kirkland-Bellevue Lodge

P.D.D. Arthur Ochsner, Past State Pres., officiated at the institution of Kirkland-Bellevue Lodge No. 1843 recently, when E.R. Harvey Pound and his fellow officers were installed in the presence of many dignitaries, including Past Grand Exalted Ruler Emmett T. Anderson, Edwin J. Alexander of the Grand Lodge State Assns. Committee, Special Deputy John E. Drummond, State Assn. Pres. Les Barrett, 1st Vice-Pres. Jay Bernstein, 2nd Vice-Pres. D. P. Shew, Trustee Eli Clow and several Past Presidents.

Renton Lodge sponsored this new branch of the Order and its officers, headed by E.R. S. N. Christensen, initiated the 260 Charter Members. More than 70 Elks became affiliated on dimit.

"Minute Man" Banner Goes to Wisconsin Rapids

The members of Wisconsin Rapids, Wis., Lodge, No. 693, deserve a great deal of credit for the part they played in aiding their city to win the right to fly the "Minute Man" banner. With the payroll savings plan of U. S. Bond-buying installed by 98 per cent of its employers, Wisconsin Rapids became the second in the state and 35th in the nation to earn this privilege.

Following the receipt of a letter from Chairman James T. Hallinan of the Elks National Service Commission urging Elk cooperation in the Bond Drive, Secy. Frank H. Thalke of No. 693 sent to the U. S. Treasury Dept. for literature and then mailed the material to each member. Later, the lodge held a banquet launching the drive among civic leaders, and Leon Schmidt, a member of No. 693, became Chairman for the successful campaign.

The flag was presented to the city by Capt. J. B. Ricketts, USN, at special ceremonies in which Mayor C. C. Knudsen participated, following an inspiring patriotic parade in which bands and drill teams from several neighboring cities marched before thousands of spectators. The flag was raised at Witter Field as the Great Lakes Naval Training Station Band played our National Anthem.



As part of its Americanism Program, Plant City, Florida, Lodge has placed American Flags in 216 classrooms of 17 schools in the area. Here, seated on the steps of Turkey Creek Elementary School are, left to right:

Esteemed Leading Knight W. H. Phipps, Chaplain Glenn McDonald, Professor Kiehlsliter, Exalted Ruler J. P. Tyner, Treasurer R. N. White, and Secretary W. L. Patrick. Standing are the teachers of the school.

Below: Here are the Elks of Maryland, Delaware and D. C. who participated in the Elks Association's Annual Liars' Contest, representing 12 of the Assn.'s 17 lodges. The winner, Thomas J. McCall, Sr., of Washington, D. C., Lodge holds the small replica of the large trophy in the foreground.



Above: Gilroy, Calif., Lodge gives a \$500 Sterilizer to Wheeler Hospital. Left to right: D.D. N. B. Goodrich, P.E.R. Jack Scherrer, E.R. Maurice Mitchell, Lead. Knight Sig Sanchez, Hosp. Secy. Weeks, P.E.R. Byron Brown, Nurse Supt. Tyler.



Right: Dignitaries on hand for the official visit of D.D. Edgar DeMoss to Towson, Md., Lodge, include, standing, left to right: Md., Dela., D.C. Elks Assn. Secy. R. E. Dove, E.R. F. L. Byron, and Past Grand Est. Lect. Knight C. G. Hawthorne. Seated: P.D.D.'s A. Guy Miller, and L. E. Ensor, Mr. DeMoss, P.D.D.'s Andrew Kessinger and D.E. Sullivan.



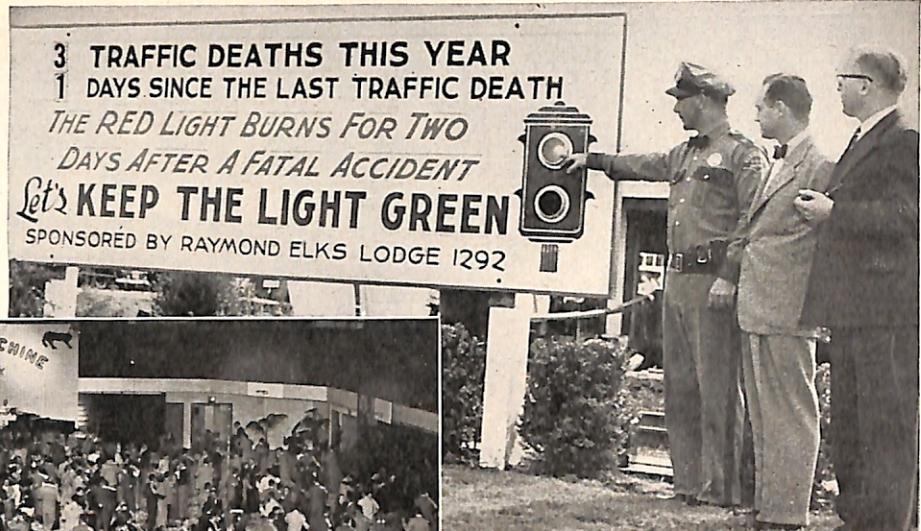
When Marysville, Calif., Lodge honored its Little League Baseball Team at a dinner, 108 boys and their fathers saw former big-league star Jim Tabor give some pointers on batting. Left to right: Pacific Coast player Tony Freitas, E.R. Joseph Sanderson and Jim Tabor; boys are E.R. Sanderson's son, left, and Hop Richie, Peach Bowl Little League Star.



At the 50th Anniversary Dinner and initiation of Stevens Point, Wis., Lodge, State Vice-Pres. A. C. Brezinski, left, presented a Life Membership to Charter Member Otto F. Meyer, left center, and a special certificate to Charter Member J. W. Dunegan, who had received a Life Membership two years ago. At right is District Deputy Marshall L. Hughes.

Right: P.E.R. James Bean, center, and County Prosecuting Attorney Jim Duree, right, watch State Patrolman Dick Crook turn on red light for the new traffic safety sign erected by Raymond, Wash., Lodge at a dangerous spot.

Below: This picture of the happy crowd at the Oregon State College Homecoming Dance is proof that the Corvallis, Ore., Elks Band which provided the music has plenty of talent.



Woburn, Mass., Elk officials dedicate a flag pole presented by the lodge to the local high school in memory of students who served in our Armed Forces. Left to right: Supt. of Schools Frank J. Hassett, Lodge Secy. Charles G. Hansen, Committee Chairman Joseph F. Holloran, P.E.R. Peter E. McHugh, Trustee, Senior High School Principal Henry D. Blake and E.R. Wilfred A. Walsh.

Phoenix, Ariz., Elks Sponsor Large-Scale Boys Baseball Program

Under the direction of its Youth Activities Committee, Phoenix Lodge No. 335, at an expense of \$2,100, sponsored a Boys Baseball League last year which will be an annual program. Divided into two classes of two sections each, the four leagues comprised 32 teams, 40 per cent of which were managed by members of the lodge. The more than 800 boys played 357 games, plus tournament play-offs, which were witnessed by an estimated 45,000 persons at ten different baseball diamonds made available by the city through the Parks and Recreation Dept.

Each player of the winning team for each league received a sports shirt carrying the Elks emblem; the 64 boys also received engraved gold baseballs. Tournament winners received engraved baseball bats, and engraved plaques went to the sponsors of the four top league groups. In addition, the Commercial Benefit Insurance Co. presented sportsmanship awards in the form of engraved fountain pens to 15 boys and their managers. The season closed with a gigantic picnic for 500 young men at the magnificent Phoenix Elks' Recreation Park.



Chairman Remo Cipolla of the San Jose, Calif., Elks Scholarship Committee, High School Adm. Thomas Ryan, Miss Mardel Maynard and E.R. Eddie Duino when Miss Maynard received her \$400 Foundation Award.



On his 50th Anniversary as an Elk, Jack C. Harrah, right foreground, received an Honorary Life Membership in Missoula "Hell Gate", Mont., Lodge from P.D.D. Oskar O. Lympus in the presence of lodge officers.

A Message

from the

Grand Exalted Ruler

OUR great Order of Elks is a many-sided organization. It has been said of us that we live in the present, look into the future and remember the past.

As Elks we have memories, and we cherish them. Last December we paid tribute to our absent Brothers in our annual memorial services. This month, February, memory requires of us that we honor our Past Exalted Rulers, those leaders of yesterday, to whom we owe so much.

Past Exalted Rulers' Night in a subordinate lodge should be one of the outstanding events in the entire year's program. It is an evening when the doors of memory should swing open again to each of us, permitting us to glimpse for an hour or two the true value of the leadership with which our subordinate lodges have been blessed in the past, to review the accomplishments of those whose records as Exalted Rulers are worthy of both praise and emulation.

Our order has had a tremendous growth in the last fifteen years. During this time we have more than doubled our membership. We owe much to the subordinate lodge leadership which has made this possible.

So let us make it a point this month to give proper honor to all our Past Exalted Rulers on the night in February set aside for them.

Let us make them feel that we are cognizant of their services, appreciative of their leadership in the yesterdays.

Let us remember that a rose in the hand of the living is more valuable a thousand times than the largest bouquet beside the casket of the dead.

★ ★ ★

Just as subordinate lodges owe this tribute of respect to their Past Exalted Rulers, so these leaders of yesterday still have their obligations to the lodges of today.

Past Exalted Rulers have been given every honor that is the privilege of the subordinate lodge to grant. They should not lose interest in Elkdom because there are no more local worlds to conquer. Their services should be available at all times to the lodge and its present officers.



Their counsel and advice, matured by years of experience, should be at the command of the lodge leaders of today—and wise indeed are the new leaders who seek it.

Not only to the local lodge, but to the Grand Lodge, of which most are members, should the interest and services of Past Exalted Rulers be available.

As the executive head of this great Order of ours, I require and request your interest in, and support of, the three important projects that face the Grand Lodge today.

Your Exalted Ruler needs the support of all Past Exalted Rulers in our national Blood Bank Campaign, for it is only as each lodge fills its quota—a pint for every member on your rolls—that our national quota, our promise of "A Million Pints of Blood From a Million Elks for Members of Our Armed Forces", can be met by next July.

Then, too, you Past Exalted Rulers can be of real assistance to your Lodge Secretary and the Lapsation Committee by assisting in the collection of lodge dues from members now in arrears, especially those who are in arrears for a period of only six months. Some of you Past Exalted Rulers initiated each of those delinquent members, and you should be keenly interested in retaining them as members in good standing.

Finally, my Brother Past Exalted Rulers, your knowledge and experience, your proved ability of leadership, is invaluable now to those present-day leaders who are trying to place subordinate lodge budgets on a sound financial basis during this period when increased costs and lessened revenue make this a difficult task for many lodges. Make it your business to insist on, and then show the way to, sound budget practices in your subordinate lodge. This is a MUST in these uncertain times, and you are the leaders who can be very helpful in bringing this about.

May Past Exalted Rulers' Night be enjoyable and beneficial to all as a million, fifty thousand Elks take off their collective hat to you leaders of the past and guardians of the present. Remember, it is your fraternal privilege to—

SERVE YOUR ORDER TODAY FOR A BETTER AMERICA TOMORROW!

Fraternally yours,

Howard R. Davis

HOWARD R. DAVIS,
GRAND EXALTED RULER

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits



At Litchfield, Ill., Grand Exalted Ruler Davis poses with dignitaries at the door to the lodge home. D.D. Clarence Elledge stands at left of Mr. Davis, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, center, State President William S. Wolf, and Exalted Ruler C. E. Prosser, far right.



The Grand Exalted Ruler cuts the birthday cake provided for him by the members of Boise, Ida., Lodge during his official visit. Waiting to be served are, left, Lead. Knight Ollie Pittman and E.R. Robert A. Hogg.

ON THE MORNING of Nov. 16th, Grand Exalted Ruler Howard R. Davis began his trip into the Pacific Northwest. Greeted at the airport by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Emmett T. Anderson and E.R. Carl Luckeath of **SEATTLE, WASH., LODGE NO. 92**, Mr. Davis was escorted to the home of Seattle Lodge for

breakfast with John E. Drummond, former member of the Board of Grand Trustees, Edwin J. Alexander of the Grand Lodge State Assns. Committee and D.D. Justin Maloney. Later, State Pres. Les Barrett joined the group which drove 250 miles to the home of **ELLENSBURG LODGE NO. 1102** for dinner with about 400 members led

by E.R. Stanley Thomson. P.D.D. Frank Warren acted as Master of Ceremonies.

On Nov. 17th, the Grand Exalted Ruler's party made an afternoon stop at the home of **BALLARD (SEATTLE) LODGE NO. 827**, meeting E.R. Gordon Douglas, before proceeding to **EVERETT LODGE NO. 479** for a dinner party conducted by E.R. Dan English, and a lodge session attended by 300.

On Nov. 18th, the Grand Exalted Ruler enjoyed luncheon with E.R. Dick Harpole and other officers of **BREMERTON LODGE NO. 1181**. During the afternoon the group made an inspection tour of the Bremerton Navy Yard as guests of Admiral Hugh Haven. That evening found Mr. Davis as the guest of **TACOMA LODGE NO. 174**, the home lodge of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Anderson. E.R. Harold L. Duncan presided at a banquet attended by about 300 Elks.

The following day, after breakfast in Tacoma, luncheon with E.R. Jack E. Moore of **CENTRALIA LODGE NO. 1083**, and short stops at the homes of **OLYMPIA, CHEHALIS, LONGVIEW** and **KELSO** Lodges, the official party was welcomed to the home of **VANCOUVER LODGE NO. 823** by E.R. Wm. J. Craine for a dinner and lodge session attended by 500 members, among



Dignitaries watching the Grand Exalted Ruler cut another of his birthday cakes at Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge's banquet are, left to right: Grand Est. Lect. Knight L. G. Mehse, Grand Trustee D. E. Lambourne, Mayor E. J. Glade, D.D. William Whittaker, Gov. J. Bracken Lee, E.R. C. F. Gilbert.



Left: At Biddeford-Saco, Me., Maine Pres. John McComb, State and lodge officials with, seated left to right: D.D. E. R. Twomey, Mass. Pres. W. R. Burns, Grand Lodge officers E. A. Spry, J. F. Malley, Mr. Davis, E.R. Gene Palmer, Grand Lodge officer J. A. Bresnahan, Mayor L. B. Lausier, Grand Est. Loyal Knight C. D. Stevens.

Below: At Weiser, Ida., Lodge, Mr. Davis met E.R. Leon Hill and his staff of officers.



them Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Lonergan and Ore. D.D. Albert M. Hodler.

On Nov. 20th, Howard R. Davis entered Oregon by way of Portland in the company of Judge Lonergan, Ore. State Assn. Pres. Kirby Fortune, Frank Hise of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee and D.D. Douglas Mullarky. Prior to lunching with E.R. Hal M. Randall and 100 members of SALEM LODGE NO. 336, the Grand Exalted Ruler visited Gov. Douglas McKay at the State Capitol. That evening the Order's leader and his party joined 250 diners at the home of ROSEBURG LODGE NO. 326 prior to a lodge meeting attended by many dignitaries, including U. S. Senator Guy Corden who was introduced by E.R. Edwin Nolte. The next morning, the distinguished traveler visited the U. S. Veterans Hospital, and then drove to the home of EUGENE LODGE NO. 357 for a luncheon meeting arranged by E.R. Merwyn F. Ranes.

In the afternoon, the Order's leader and his entourage were met at the city limits by a delegation of members of CORVALLIS LODGE NO. 1413, led by Est. Lead. Knight Frank Snyder, and escorted through the city on a fire truck by the high school band and a group of Boy

Scouts. During the afternoon, the visitors inspected the Elks Lake County Dental Clinic, then paid a visit to E.R. Harold Kennedy, confined to his home following an automobile accident. That evening 800 Corvallis Elks gathered for dinner preceding a lodge session at which the Grand Exalted Ruler delivered one of his impressive addresses.

On Thanksgiving Day, Mr. Davis paid a visit to E.R. H. A. Parrett and other members of McMINTONVILLE LODGE NO. 1283 and later was welcomed by E.R. Sidney B. Tewksbury and his officers at SEASIDE LODGE NO. 1748. The party then drove to the home of ASTORIA LODGE NO. 180 for dinner and a meeting attended by 200 Elks who saw E.R. George E. Clark present a \$500 check to Mr. Davis as the initial payment on an Elks National Foundation Permanent Benefactors Certificate in the Elks National Foundation.

Luncheon on the 23rd was a pleasant affair with E.R. Fred Stefani and a delegation of 100 at OREGON CITY LODGE NO. 1189. Returning to Portland, the party paid an hour's visit to the Oregon State Elks Assn.'s major welfare project, the Eye Clinic for Visually Handicapped Children. Joined by D.D. John N. Mohr, the party drove to the home of HOOD RIVER LODGE NO. 1507 for dinner and a meeting for 250 Elks, headed by E.R. Dallas E. Burnett. Following his address, the Grand Exalted Ruler presented an award of \$500 to Miss Patricia Ann Mohr, winner of the Student Contest sponsored by the lodge.

With Past Grand Exalted Ruler Lonergan and D.D. Mohr, Mr. Davis attended a dinner given by LA GRANDE LODGE NO. 433 on Nov. 24th at which 400 Elks were served. At the lodge session later, Mr.

(Continued on page 32)



During his official visit to Everett, Washington, Lodge not long ago, Grand Exalted Ruler Howard R. Davis, center, was introduced to Daniel J. English, Exalted Ruler of the host lodge, by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Emmett T. Anderson, left, a member of Tacoma, Wash., Lodge.



Est. Lead. Knight Frank Warner, left of Corvallis, Ore., Lodge pictured with Mr. Davis in the handicraft shop which the local Elks constructed to start Garland Sprick, center, in business. The young man is paralyzed below the hips following an athletic injury suffered in high school.

For ELKS

who TRAVEL

BY HORACE SUTTON

If you plan to travel in the East, these Elk lodges offer hotel accommodations.



When in CANAL ZONE

Visit beautiful Cristobal Lodge No. 1542, at Brazos Heights.

Ultra new building, finest accommodations only a cool ten minute drive from the pier. Excellent restaurant and bar service with good food, generous menu and tip-top drinks.

24 well-equipped rooms, many with baths.

Good food in our handsome Rainbow Lounge prepared by our own chef noted for excellent cuisine.

**SCRANTON, Pa.,
No. 123**

A few accommodations available.

Advance notice appreciated.

THIS is the kind of weather that makes a man leave home. Anybody so unlucky as to be without a villa in Miami or an adobe castle on the Western desert can either hibernate in the cellar where it's warm or get out of town. Two of the handiest island refuges for a man with the seasonal shivers are the insulated isles of Cuba and Nassau, both within a flying hour's time of U.S. real estate. Nassau, as a matter of fact, can be reached in a good deal less than an hour by an assortment of airlines, and British Overseas Airways is now skipping down there directly from New York in four and a half hours. Nassau is now also reached by sea from New York aboard a ship known, not so oddly, as the *SS Nassau*. It leaves Manhattan every Friday, arrives in the land of civility on Monday morning. Mini-mum round trip fare comes to \$125 plus tax. The air tariff from New York is \$187.20 plus the usual fifteen per cent.

Nassau has been virtually quivering with a boom. The strict, select and proper set which used to arrive for a precise winter season has given way to vacationers who come now almost all the year around. There was a time when Nassau at any other time save January, February and a few days in December was as popular as Cape Cod on Christmas Day, but by the first seven months of 1951 the British isle had already racked up more foreigners than the whole previous year.

This new off-season business has resulted in a general refurbishing of the hotels. Some have built whole new wings, some—large and small—have installed air-conditioning. Many have painted and redecorated. The mid-season vacationer is going to benefit from the off-season dollars that have come to the Colonial till.

The Prince George Hotel, smack in the middle of town, has tacked on thirty-five rooms and added a bar. The rooms on the Bay Street side, which had a tendency to be noisy, have been air-conditioned now,

and since the windows can be closed they will be quieter. The Fort Montagu Beach Hotel, well out of town, with its own beach on Montagu Bay, has reopened with a new décor, running ice water and a new supper club of its own. The lovely old Royal Victoria, going on its first hundred years, has done over the lobby and the dining room, but the food and the genteel flavor remain unchanged.

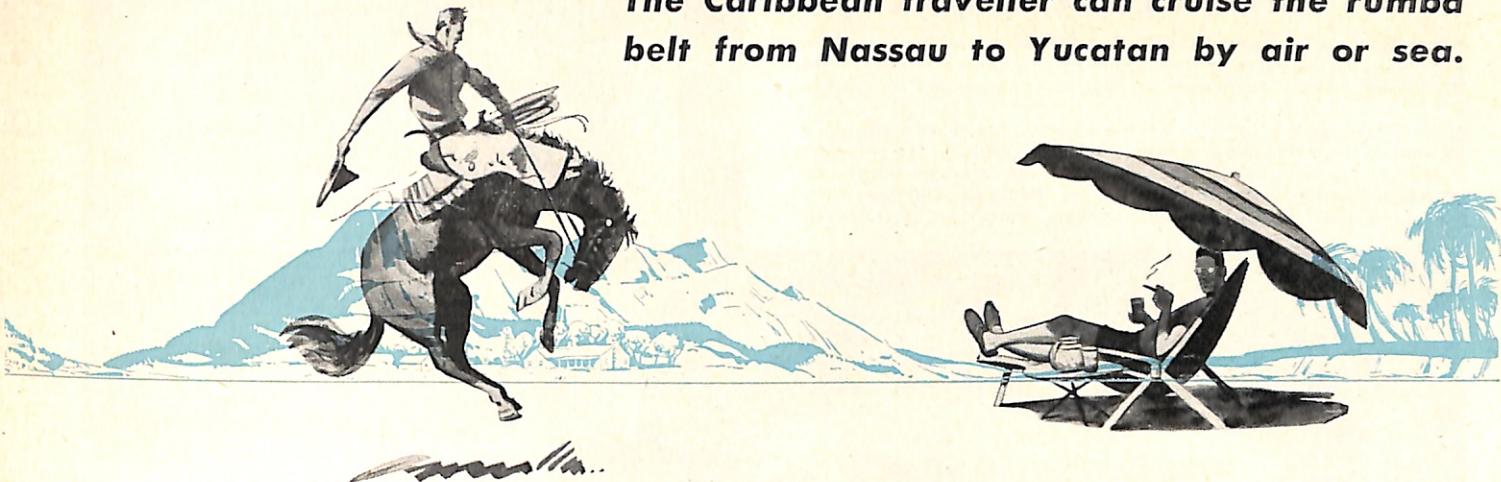
Aside from the hotels which have their own beaches, there is swimming at Nassau on Paradise Beach located on incongruously-named Hog Island. Lilliputian ponies race weekly at a course with the Walt Disney name of Hobby Horse Hall. There is formal gambling nightly at the Bahamian Club, although the *salle de jeu* is not open to island residents.

GOOD BUYS IN CLOTHES

Nassau's shops will sell you liquor at about one half the American price, and there are excellent buys in such English goods as tweeds, worsteds, doeskin and gabardine. It used to be possible to buy a bolt of cloth and walk into a tailor's shop to have a suit made up in a day. Things take longer now, a further inducement to hang around the place and give your ulcers a chance to relax in the sun.

Over in Havana, to which Pan American, National and Chicago and Southern operate an airlift, the flavor is tropical and Spanish. You can shop for alligator handbags, French perfume and rum at \$1.50 a bottle. A bit of a dodge I had better warn you about is the invitation to visit a distillery. Usually the invitation is included on the regular rubberneck tour. A gentleman in a business suit comes out, introduces himself, asks you to be comfortable around a table, invites you to taste a succession of concoctions from banana liqueur which tastes like nail polish to crème de coconut. By the time everyone is a bit confused on taste and perhaps a little giddy, out comes the order book.

The Caribbean traveller can cruise the rumba belt from Nassau to Yucatan by air or sea.



Those who don't like the stuff, don't need it, don't want it or for some other reason refuse to buy, become the object of the long frown. On the tour list, too, is a visit to a cigar factory, for Cuba is the home of the cigar and everyone from the shoeshine boy to the tycoon smokes them big, long and black.

FANCY CUBAN FOOD

Eating is also an occupation in Cuba, and one should be prepared to check his impatience at the last U.S. frontier and be ready to spend long hours at the table. Look for *paella*, a casserole of rice, saffron, shrimps, clams, chicken and an assortment of vegetables; *langosta*, Cuba's wonderful clawless lobster; *Moro* crabs which crop up broiled, boiled, or cold in salads; and another *mélange* called *pisto manchego* which has in it—are you ready?—scrambled eggs, shrimps, ham, peas, asparagus, rice and tomato sauce. Most drugstores carry Alka-Seltzer.

When it comes to baseball, Cubans are almost as daffy as Americans. They are also fond of *jai alai*, an old Basque game played on a three-walled court with a goat-skin ball and a basket strapped on the arm. Cockfights are held Saturdays and Sundays and are legal.

Havana is a bright-light metropolis with all the lures of a sinful city. For those who want to lie in the sun there is the comparatively new resort at Varadero Beach, a short flight from town. A lovely resort has sprouted on a one-time private estate and there is a luxury hotel and modern houses which rent for about \$250 a month.

For the man with a chill and not too much time to shake it, American Express has come up with a series of air cruises to a selection of Caribbean islands. A nine-day tour of Haiti and Jamaica is scheduled at a cost of \$381, leaving from and returning to New York. The itinerary includes Port au Prince in Haiti, Kingston and the Tower Isle section in Jamaica.

Anybody with a flat two weeks can take in Cuba with Yucatan and Guatemala tacked on. You get three days in Havana and the suburbs, flying on the fourth day to Merida, the capital of the

Mexican province of Yucatan. Travelers join a two-day tour by car out to the famous ruins at Chichen Itza, staying at the lovely Mayaland Lodge right at the ruins. After a look at Uxmal, the party heads for Guatemala on the fifth day, with stops at Antigua, Lake Atitlan and Chichicastenango. The price from and to Miami is \$456.90, or from Miami and back to New Orleans, \$443.

Out of New York there are two-week trips to Puerto Rico, the Dominican Republic, Haiti, Jamaica and Cuba at \$434.60. The party leaves just before midnight, flying through the night non-stop to San Juan. Haiti gets two days and so does Cuba, and in Jamaica the group again sees Kingston and takes the jungle ride out to Tower Isle.

WINTER CRUISES

For those who prefer to be nearer the sea than the sky, over two dozen ships are scheduled to make trips into Caribbean and South American waters while it is anti-freeze time up north. Some, like the Grace Line ships, are on regular service in Southern seas, but many will be Atlantic liners diverted for cruises into the rum and rumba belt. Furness Bermuda's new *Ocean Monarch* will hit Haiti, Colombia and Jamaica. The French Line's fabulous *Liberté* will slip into Martinique, Barbados and Bahia, then go all the way to Rio for the Carnival. Holland America Line's new *Ryndam* will put in at Nassau, Haiti and Cuba, and joining the great fleet will be *New Amsterdam*, the *Mauretania*, the *Vulcania*, the *Italia*, the green *Caronia* and the *Oslofjord*.

If the steamships are recharting their courses, can frostbite be far behind? Looks as though the only ones left up here will be the travel agents.

PLANNING A TRIP? Travel information is available to Elks Magazine readers. Just write to the Travel Department, Elks Magazine, 50 East 42nd St., N. Y., stating where you want to go and by what mode of travel. Please print name and address. Every effort will be made to provide the information you require, but kindly allow two weeks for us to gather the information. Because of seasonal changes in road conditions, if you are traveling by car be sure to state the exact date that you plan to start your trip.

Lakeland, Fla., No. 1291

Located in Lakeland's downtown district, two blocks from R. R. Station. 22 comfortable rooms. Excellent service. Good food, well served. One of Lakeland's better eating places.

Reasonable Prices.

More than just a stopping-off place—a comfortable residence with a club atmosphere, a place to meet friendly Brother Elks.



PORTLAND NO. 188

Says "Welcome"

In Maine make Portland a "must" on your itinerary. 11 comfortable rooms—Elks only @ \$1.50. Bar & Grill—Dining room—excellent Maine food. For members and guests. Clubhouse open from 7:30 AM to 1:00 AM. Located in heart of city close to all points of interest. Elks and their ladies assured a hearty welcome.



For Hospitality and Good Food

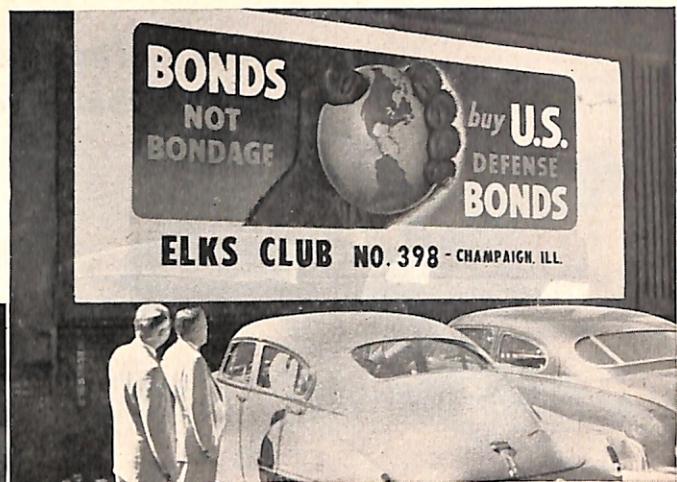
DUBOIS, PA., No. 349

Fine dining service for members, their ladies & OUT-OF-TOWN guests. Grill & dining room. Attractive menus and really good food. Reasonable prices. Noon lunch 11:45 AM to 2:00 PM. A La Carte every evening including Sunday. Sandwiches & short orders every night until midnight. Wines, liquors, beers.

NEWS OF THE LODGES

Right: E.R. Walter Erber and U.S. Treasury Dept. representative Tom Zener display the backs of their heads as they inspect one of the 24 U.S. Bond posters sponsored by Elks of Champaign, Ill., Lodge.

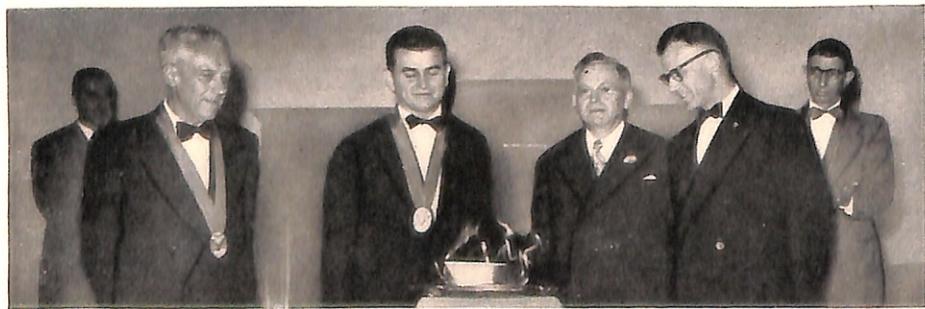
Below: These high school girls are the Elkettes, a drill team sponsored by Holdenville, Okla., Lodge as part of its youth program. The girls have won a state-wide reputation, taking a gold cup from two other well-known groups for their performance in the Okla. Legion parade. They drill at hospitals, football games, parades, rodeos and other affairs.



Laguna Beach, Calif., Elks honor artists who founded that community. Left to right: Lect. Knight J. G. Catanich, local Art Assn. Pres. Murray Hill, Lloyd Babcock, artist Virginia Wooley, sculptor Peter Paul Ott, artists Raymond Henry, Alice Fullerton, Roy Ropp, Galen Doss and E.R. C. I. Kegeris.



Boys of Vancouver, Wash., give their attention to the baseball school instruction they are receiving under the sponsorship of Vancouver Lodge, as part of its fine Youth Activities Program.



Less than a year after dedicating its new home, Van Wert, Ohio, Lodge destroyed its \$30,000 mortgage. Left to right: Est. Lead. Knight Vic Morrow, E.R. K. F. Pflum, P.D.D. Martin Feigert and P.E.R. John Ashbaugh. In the background are D.D. Paul L. Fletcher and Secy. Clark Spitler.

Palmer Lodge Newest Alaska Branch of Order

Palmer Lodge No. 1842 became part of Alaska Elksdom with a membership of 120 men. The ceremonies were conducted by D.D. Max LaLande, assisted by P.D.D.'s E. G. Barber, E. C. Smith and Frank Bayer and several P.E.R.'s. Officers of Anchorage Lodge, under the direction of E.R. Vern S. Hendrickson, initiated the 65 Charter Members, and P.D.D. Louis Odsather installed E.R. Matt Onkka and the other officers of the new lodge.

Opening feature of the festivities was a colorful street parade led by the uniformed Palmer School Band followed by members and their ladies from Anchorage Lodge.

Vancouver, Wash., Lodge Reports Outstanding Youth Activities

For the first time, Vancouver Lodge No. 823 adopted a planned program assisting the youth of the community in 1951. A budgeted amount of \$2,000 was set up for the purpose, and during the past summer a boys' baseball school was set up under Elk sponsorship. Working with instructors from the AAA Coast League Portland Baseball Club and the Vancouver Playground Association, baseball instruction and competition were furnished to about 350 youngsters over a two-week period.

Following this phase of the program, the boys were organized into leagues for playing throughout a period of four weeks. Classified according to age, the boys were formed into three leagues comprising a total of 12 teams.

Framingham, Mass., Elks Observe Anniversary

In conjunction with the recent official visit of D.D. David B. Williams, Framingham Lodge No. 1264 observed its 40th Anniversary with an initiation and luncheon program.

It is interesting to note that of the 50 original members, 26 came from Milford Lodge, one from Colorado and one from New Hampshire.



California's goal of a 100,000 Elk membership was reached with the initiation of William L. Casey, left, of young Big Bear Lake Lodge, pictured with State Vice-Pres. Frank Linnell, center, and E.R. Leo L. Chase.

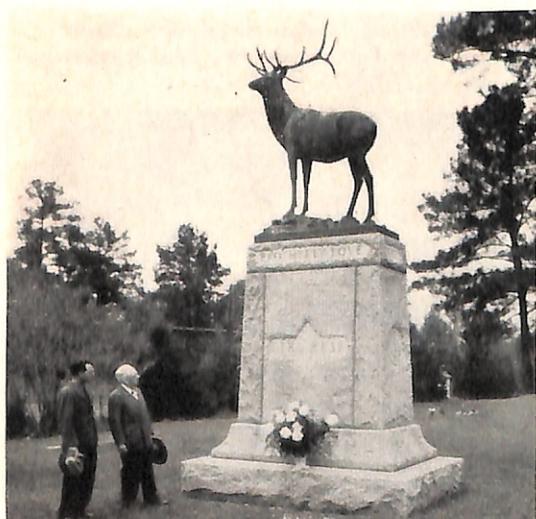


Trustee J. E. Smith, center, and E.R. W. E. Slaughter, right, of Easton, Md., Lodge, with Hospital Pres. G. D. Olds, inspect a Memorial Hospital nurse's station similar to those the lodge's \$6,400 gift will provide.



Tolman Baseball Trophy Presented to Gloucester, Mass., Elks Team

The fifth annual banquet of the Cape Ann Junior Baseball League found 250 diners on hand to see the team sponsored by Gloucester, Mass., Lodge, No. 892, receive the championship trophy. The award, a 27-inch cup, is the gift of former Mayor James E. Tolman, a member of the Order, and carries the name of each player who also received jackets from League Pres., P.E.R. G. E. Thomas.



E.R. S. C. Spengler, Lect. Knight J. C. Nabours of Alexandria, La., Lodge visit the Elks Monument in Greenwood Cemetery as is the custom on November first.

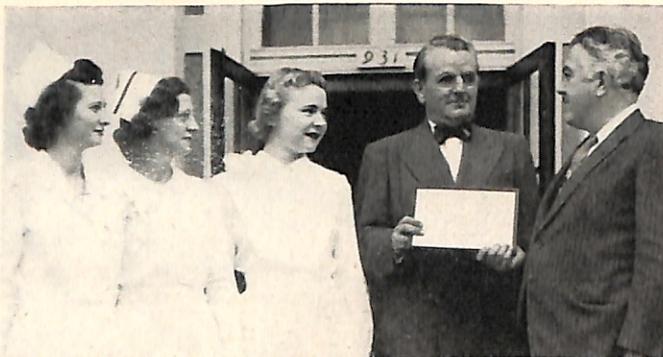
Left: Fall River, Mass., Lodge's 1951 Little League Championship Baseball Team. Back row, left to right: Publicity Director L. V. Gafney, Mr. J. Gross, E.R. James Nicoletti, Coach James Shea, Youth Activities Chairman Joseph McGuigan.



Below: Boston, Mass., Elks are proud of the baseball teams they have sponsored for three years. These boys won the 1951 Park League championship in the City League. Four of them were signed by major-league teams for their farms.



Here is a float used in the presentation of the half-time program during the football game sponsored by Daytona Beach, Fla., Lodge and played between two high school teams for the benefit of the Harry-Anna Home for Crippled Children. Prior to the game the lodge held a buffet supper for both schools' student body and faculty.



Dr. Dennis Robinson, right, physician at the Elks National Home in Bedford, Va., receives from C. W. Mangum, director of hospital licenses of the Va. State Health Dept., the license designating the Home's 40-bed hospital as an accredited general hospital under the laws of the Commonwealth of Virginia. Nurses from the Home's hospital are, left to right, Helena Hawkins, Lorraine Saunders and Frances Johnson.



English motion picture actor Robert Newton presents the Tom Brown Trophy to Princeton's Capt. George Buell whose team beat Yale 8 to 3 in the Yale Bowl rugby game which was sponsored by the Connecticut State Elks Assn. for the benefit of the Cerebral Palsy Fund. Left to right foreground: Yale's Capt. Frank Muller, Mr. Newton, Capt. Buell, Chairman Edwin J. Maley of the Conn. Elks Cerebral Palsy Committee.

Annual Alameda, Calif., Elks All-Star Game Nets Over \$10,000

The 24th Annual All-Star Major-Minor Baseball Game sponsored by Alameda Lodge No. 1015 proved to be one of the outstanding charity events ever staged by these Elks. Over 10,000 fans jammed the Oakland Coast League Baseball Park to see such diamond stars as Gil McDougald, Jackie Jensen, Gerry Coleman, Bobby Brown and Artie Schallock and Tom Morgan of the N. Y. Yankees; Wayne Belardi, Ed Fitzgerald, Bill McDonald, Bill Koski and Jim Mangan of the Pittsburgh Pirates; Wally Westlake of the St. Louis Cardinals, Sam Chapman of the Cleveland Indians, Bill Serena of the Chicago Cubs and Lloyd Merriman of the Cincinnati Reds go through their paces for the sake of charity.

Las Vegas, N. M., Lodge Welcomes Large Class

The National Championship Ritualistic Team of the Order for the past two years from Greeley, Colo., Lodge, No. 809, initiated 50 new members into Las Vegas Lodge No. 408 recently. A dinner for members, and another for the Elks' ladies were held prior to the ceremonies, over 500 persons being served.

Following the initiation, former Grand Chaplain Rev. George L. Nuckolls ad-

dressed the new Elks. Joining him as speakers were Chairman M. B. Chase of the Grand Lodge State Assns. Committee, D.D.'s Ray Arias and Robert Cunningham, Colo. State Pres. C. J. Williams, N. M. State Pres. Edward Harbaugh, Vice-Pres. George Fleming, Chaplain David Branch and P.D.D.'s Morey Goodman and Grady Huffman.

Pittsburg, Calif., Elks Hold Annual Football Night

Many big-name gridiron men were on hand to make the latest Football Night held by Pittsburg Lodge No. 1474 a memorable one. There was Clyde W. King, former All-American tackle for the Navy as Master of Ceremonies, and another All-American tackle, George Ackerman, as Chairman. Charles "Chuck" Taylor, recently named Coach of the Year, now mentor for Stanford, was the honored guest.

Each year No. 1474 entertains the football coaching staffs of the Contra Costa County high schools and junior colleges and pays tribute to all newcomers to these ranks; this year it welcomed Rod Franz, All-American guard from the University of California. On hand with the lodge officers was Past State Vice-Pres. Peter J. Kramer, Pacific Coast Conference football official.

Grand Island, Neb., Elks' Minstrel

The Elks of Grand Island Lodge No. 604 are tremendously pleased with the success of their 1951 annual Charity Minstrel Show. Originally intended as a two-day affair, the show was extended another day by popular demand. The show played to packed houses, bringing in a large sum for the lodge's Crippled Children's Program and its other charity activities. The show had its own orchestra, and the Elks Male Chorus added its talent too.

Conn. P.E.R.'s Assn. Meets

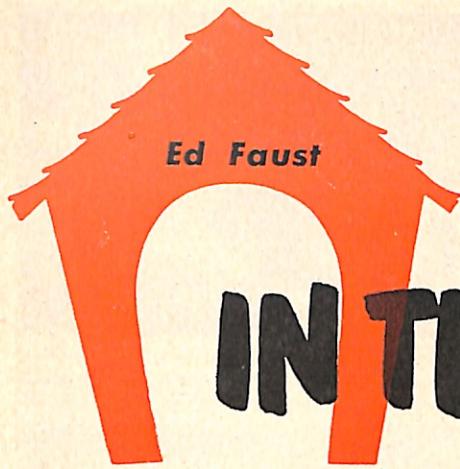
The Annual Meeting of the Conn. P.E.R.'s took place at New Britain with about 200 on hand, including Past Grand Exalted Rulers Raymond Benjamin, James R. Nicholson and George I. Hall, all of whom addressed the gathering. After the business meeting, which included the election of L. H. Charron of Putnam as Pres.; W. F. Hunihan, New Haven, Vice-Pres.; C. R. Mitchell, Norwalk, Treas., and F. P. Callahan, Norwich, Secy., a testimonial dinner was held for three long-time members, E. T. O'Sullivan, L. M. Holland and J. P. Kinsella. Arthur J. Roy of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee was Master of Ceremonies at the dinner during which the Torrington Glee Club entertained.



Bismarck, N. D., Lodge presents a \$750 donation toward a room in the local hospital. Left to right: Social Community Welfare Committee Chairman William Yegen, Trustees Chairman W. F. Kunz, Exalted Ruler Paul Brewer, Secretary Wayne Carroll, Hospital Trustee Archie Johnson.



Lowell, Mass., Lodge donates \$4,800 to the building fund for St. John's Hospital, to be used to establish and equip a two-bed room. Left to right: Elk F. L. Lappin, City Manager John J. Flannery, J. Russell Harrington, E.R. Eugene A. Fitzgerald and Secy. F. V. Redding.



The proper food in the right amount at the right time is important to your dog's health.

IN THE DOGHOUSE

WHILE from time to time I've tried to gloss these lectures with a little entertainment, nevertheless the basic purpose of *The Elks Magazine* dog page is service—service that will help its readers in such matters as feeding the dog, training and general care. For these reasons it is necessary to repeat a subject or add to it now and then. Besides, there is always a crop of new dog owners, many of them veteran Elks, many of them new to the Order. I know that this is so from the reader letters I receive, some from Elks whose initiation goes way back when, some who are recent additions to the rosters of their lodges. For these reasons I'm going into the matter of what to put into Fido's dinner pail, a subject that I wrote about several years ago. At that time *The Elks Magazine* went to 974,000 Elks. Today it reaches 1,064,000. This means that some 90,000 of our citizens have become Elks in these recent years. Now among 90,000 people you are sure to find a lot of dog owners and among our 90,000 there must be many who own dogs and are willing to read what this fellow Faust may have to write about them.

Among all the letters I receive from readers the most frequent questions are those relating to the business of feeding the pup. Since my previous articles I've unearthed a few facts that I hope will interest those who are responsible for doggy diet.

Since most dogs enter the average home as puppies, we'll begin by taking a look-see at what the canine youngster should be fed. We won't go back into Fido's cradle days because, up to about six weeks, his mother takes care of the feeding problem. After that time his milk teeth have appeared and his wet nurse absents herself for longer and longer periods until she has weaned the youngster. From there on he's on his own—or rather on his owner's hands. It is about this time that gastric juices form in the pup's digestive system, enabling him to assimilate meat and heavy foods. Meat, fresh and wholesome, should be a staple in the dog's diet, since dogs are car-

nivorous animals. Meats provide proteins so necessary because of their nutritional value. Raw beef is excellent. Lamb and veal are good, too, but the latter two should be cooked. Pork should be ruled out of the diet entirely. It is difficult for dogs to digest and does not have the food value of the three other meats mentioned. Horse meat also is good.

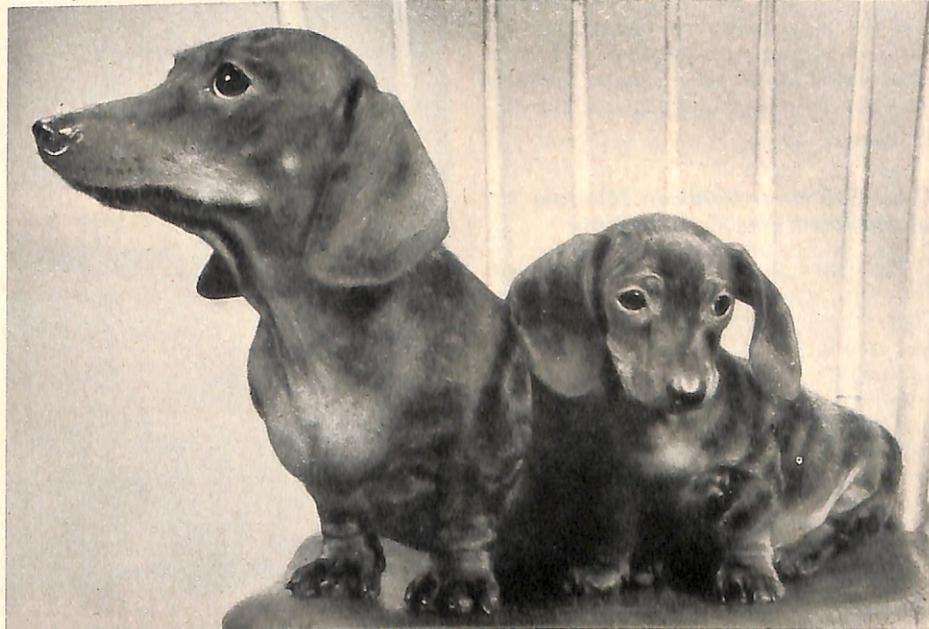
ON THE subject of meats, if by chance you hold to any of the commonly accepted misconceptions that meat will cause worms in a dog, make it vicious or cause fits, then forget them. They are mere superstitions. The dog is not and never was a natural vegetable eater, although many dogs will eat vegetables and enjoy them. Most of the better known brands of dog foods—dry or moist, packaged or canned—are a mixture of meats and vegetables, with meat predominating. I may add that any of the better known brands are wholesome, nutritious and economical, too.

If you have a six-weeks old pup on your hands, and I hope you haven't because at that tender age the pup should still be fairly close to his ma, he should get four to five feedings a day. You can make this

six meals if the little fellow is one of those that will grow into one of the heavyweight breeds. A cup or a bowl of warmed milk, depending upon the breed, with a little dry cereal added, is a good starting meal. A little sugar won't do any harm at this stage, although after Fido puts on long pants all sweets should be strictly rationed on the scarce side. One raw egg beaten into a pint of milk makes a wholesome addition to this meal. A few drops of lime water (which you can buy from your local druggist) added to this will help make strong bones in the pup's framework. You can vary the cereal by adding small croutons of well-toasted bread. But be sure it's toasted. About noontime the second meal should be given. This can consist of very small pieces of raw or cooked beef—don't use lamb or veal until the dog is older. If the puppy seems to have difficulty with meat pieces, then feed him scrapings, which will be lighter, finer and easier to chew. A little salt, but only a light sprinkling, should be dusted over the meat. Between three and four in the afternoon, repeat the breakfast meal. To vary this, you can substitute for the milk a clear bouillon

(Continued on page 43)

Photo by Ylla.



These alert and healthy Dachshunds have been fed with the necessary care.



The first E.R. of Klamath Falls, Ore., Lodge, E. B. Hall, who held that office twice, left, with P.D.D. C. H. Underwood when the lodge paid tribute to Mr. Hall on his 80th Birthday.

San Antonio Elks' Carnival an All-Out Texas Success

The Texas Elks Hospital for Crippled Children at Ottine is a great deal richer following the six-day carnival held by San Antonio Lodge No. 216 for its benefit. The 1951 affair had several interesting innovations to lure the customers, besides the many other successful attractions, including the baby-sitters room where mothers could leave their children in the expert care of registered nurses at no cost.

There were clowns, cowboy singers, a show and dance each night and a bathing beauty contest. Well-publicized, the affair, for which Trustee Aubrey Kline was Chairman, was a huge success. Two shows promoting the event were televised, and the lodge had two radio programs carry 15 minutes of promotion, with radio plugs being broadcast at regular intervals on eight stations throughout the carnival period.

Over 300 Hear Gridiron Mentors at Medford Elks' Sports Night

The home of Medford, Mass., Lodge, No. 915, was jammed by hundreds of high school athletes and visiting adults and youngsters at the lodge's first annual Sports Night.

Among the guest speakers introduced by Toastmaster Edward Powers, Chairman of the lodge's Youth Activities Committee, were the head coaches of several high school football teams, and Bob Margarite, head coach of freshman football at Harvard University, as well as several civic leaders. All of the speakers urged the young athletes to concentrate on their studies as much as sports during their school years.



District Deputy Frank J. Holt holds his first clinic of the current administration at the home of Miami, Florida, Lodge. Present were former Grand Esq. Chelsie J. Senerchia, and P.D.D.'s Andrew T. Healy, James P. Wendler, James A. Dunn and Arthur C. O'Hea, and District lodge officers.



Here are the more than 500 members of the Boys Baseball League sponsored by Phoenix, Ariz., Lodge, at the picnic given for them by the lodge at Elks Park, where they enjoyed movies, games,

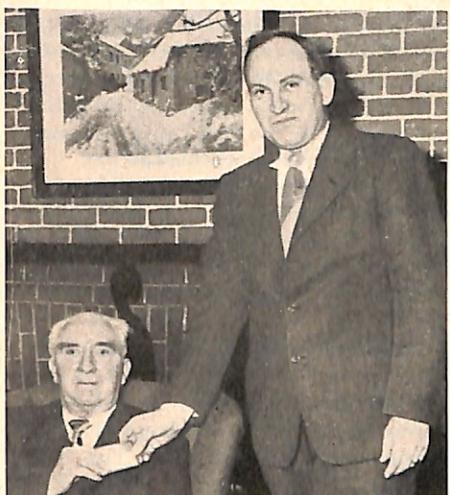


Officers of Union, N. J., Lodge, represented by E.R. Harry G. Eckhardt, left, present a \$50 U.S. Defense Bond to Youth Leader, Ronald Tell, fifth from left, who won top honors and another \$50 Bond in the State Contest and Honorable Mention and a \$100 Bond in the National Contest.



Secy. S. B. Tyler, left, and E.R. Russell Henry look over the Tulare, Calif., Elks Booth at the County Fair where the 4,000 trophies of National Decathlon Champion Bob Mathias, son of a Tulare Elk, are displayed. Through the efforts of Secy. Tyler who presented a 5,000-name petition to the AAU, Tulare, under Elk sponsorship, was awarded the 1952 National Decathlon Championship.

Right: E.R. Jackson Settles of Escondido, Calif., Lodge presents to School Trustee Lomax Smith, left, the American Flag to be flown from the flagpole the Elks gave for the Union High School football stadium. Student Body Pres. Joe McCoy, center, accepted the banner.



Left: Exalted Ruler H. G. Boyden presents an Honorary Life Membership in Leominster, Mass., Lodge to William Killelea, who was Est. Lect. Knight of the lodge when he was taken ill.



Here are members of Osawatomie, Kans., Lodge and the entertainers at one of the parties given regularly for the 400 ambulatory patients at the State Hospital. In appreciation, one of the patients printed the sign shown in the photograph. Included in the picture are the Elks' hospital Chairman, Bob Brown, M.C.; E.R. Bud Lhuiller, and Hospital Recreation Director Fred P. Thomas.



The Elks Choristers of Great Falls, Mont., who lend their voices at many State and local functions.



Photographed with E.R. Warren D. Thurston and the officers of Warrensburg, Mo., Lodge and the representative group they initiated as the lodge's 50th Anniversary Class are H. H. Russell, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials and District Deputy Samuel L. Highleyman.

LODGE NOTES

At CAMBRIDGE, MASS., Lodge's Sports Night about 400 youngsters, their parents and Elks enjoyed a dinner held in honor of the high school baseball players representing the lodge in the inter-city league. Later the motion picture, "Little League", was shown. Speakers included many sports luminaries and Elk and civic officials . . . A MALONE, N. Y., Elk, Earl Mumley, bowling in league competition under sanction of the American Bowling Assn., rolled a 745 triple the hard way, starting with a perfect 300 game, followed by a 223 and 222. This was the first time in local history that a member bowling in league competition had hung up a perfect tally. Malone Lodge has four alleys and 28 teams in the Elks League . . . Speaking of bowling, the ELKS NATIONAL BOWLING ASSN. is proud to announce that last year it was able to purchase a \$1,000 Honorary Founders Certificate in the Elks National Foundation . . . With E.R. Louis Dubin of Waltham Lodge in charge, the MASS. STATE ELKS ASSN. put on a 90-minute vaudeville show and party for patients at the Murphy Army Hospital post theater. The Elks also provided a fine orchestra for dancing, and distributed cigarettes to the patients. Special guests included Past Grand Exalted Ruler E. Mark Sullivan and Mass. Chairman Col. Frank O'Rourke . . . "Aidmore", the wonderful hospital for crippled children maintained by the GEORGIA ELKS ASSN., came in for some well-deserved publicity in "Courage", the official magazine of the Fraternity of the Wooden Leg, Inc. Following an extended visit there, the editor, Mrs. A. B. Weaver, devoted seven pages and the cover of the November-December issue of "Courage" to the splendid work being accomplished at "Aidmore". Her very complete article gives the history of this 15-year-old Elk project, and includes a descriptive statement of the institution by its Director, Leo Dry . . . OTTUMWA, IA., Elks got in on their annual stagette for the ladies by the production of a style show, during which members of the lodge participated as "models" and displayed what the "well-dressed woman" will wear through her entire day from breakfast to bedtime. Over 300 women attended the affair which included bridge, dinner and dancing.

They Have Given

(Continued from page 6)

GOOD EXAMPLE

A group of Tacoma, Wash., Elks watched Swan Johnson, Chairman of the lodge's Blood Drive, as he gave his 240th pint of blood in their presence, then they followed suit. They were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Emmett T. Anderson, Secy. E. O. Johnson, E.R. Harold L. Duncan and Committeeman Wesley Holmberg. Blood Bank Head Dr. M. J. Wicks was so impressed with the Elks' organization as a result of his contacts with the Tacoma Blood Committee that he has filed application for membership.

ILLINOIS INTELLIGENCE

In Lawrenceville, Ill., the Elks got their program under way by donating 127 pints of blood, and the Evanston, Ill., members arranged for a two-week drive in the community with mobile units set up for seven days—four at the lodge home. Well publicized by the Elks who prepared and served meals for the 25 Red Cross workers during their stay at the lodge home, the campaign brought in 1,500 pints.

LARGE-PERCENTAGE PARTICIPATION

One of the most impressive records for lodge cooperation comes from Fort Walton, Fla., where more than 100 of the 147 Elks on the membership rolls, led by E.R. Luther Clary pictured as he was examined, made their donation at the Eglin Air Force Base.

DEPUTIES CARRY MESSAGE

Naturally, the District Deputies are bringing the appeal to the lodges in their jurisdictions. One of them is Frank Lorenzi, shown as he addressed Lancaster, Calif., Lodge which, from the poster so prominently displayed, is giving good publicity to the campaign.

Another Exalted Ruler to set the pace for his Brother Elks is Rollin I. Cookman who made the first contribution toward achieving the Utica, N. Y., Lodge goal.

PEKIN PROGRAM A MODEL

When the Red Cross Unit descended on the home of Pekin, Ill., Lodge, on Elk invitation, its facilities were taxed by the 177 Elks and their wives who volunteered. The day before, the unit had collected 89 pints at the Commonwealth-Edison plant, 58 from Elks employed there, and a month earlier, a large number of Pekin members had made donations at another local appearance of the unit. So successful was the operation at the Elks' lodge home that the Regional Red Cross Blood Bank is using it as a model, distributing copies of Chairman Ladd Watson's plea, as well as pictures and stories on the actual program.

MEDICAL MAN ASSISTS DRIVE

When Orlando DeStefani, General Chairman for Woonsocket, R. I., Lodge's Drive, opened the local campaign, he made his donation in the medical center maintained by Dr. Auray Fontaine, an Elk who offered the staff and facilities of his establishment as a valuable assist.

A MISSOURI LODGE REPORTS

The picture offered by St. Joseph, Mo., Lodge shows Committee Chairman F. C. Wallower, Jr., as he gave his 47th pint of blood in the presence of other committeemen. This lodge provided 100 pints in a recent two-day drive.

TIME INTERFERES IN MARTINSVILLE

The Elks of Martinsville, Va., gained a lot of prestige in their community by sponsoring a unit at their lodge home, breaking the record for the area with

154 pints of the life-giving fluid, mainly from Elks and their wives. More donations could have been made had the unit been able to stay longer. A time limit had been set by the Red Cross, and many donors had to be turned away.

When the Red Cross Unit turned up at the home of Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge, 83 donors made contributions and were treated royally by the hard-working committee in charge.

LIMITATIONS OVERLOOKED

Two States where only limited facilities are available for collecting blood are Montana and North Dakota. The Great Falls, Mont., and Fargo, N. D., Elks, therefore, deserve plaudits for sponsoring units in their lodge homes. The Great Falls drive secured 267 pints from 312 prospective donors—among them the Baroch family of four, pictured here.

The Fargo campaign gave a terrific boost to the Drive. For one week the Elks assisted the Red Cross by turning over its home for the purpose of collecting 809 pints of blood, turning in over 500 pledges. The huge job was made easier by 300 persons who donated their free time to making this, the first of a series of Elk-sponsored clinics, the tremendous success it was.

NEW ELKS CONTRIBUTE

Many of the 24 new Lafayette, Ind., Elks initiated in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler's birthday in the presence of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph B. Kyle and other dignitaries, wasted no time in fulfilling their part in the Order's campaign. Prior to the initiation, the lodge's Blood Bank Committee asked for volunteers to serve as donors when the Red Cross Unit visited the lodge for the second time—17 candidates responded. The first visit yielded 174 pints of blood; the second equalled it.

OTHER LODGES REPORT

Not represented photographically are hundreds of lodges which are doing enviable work in this campaign. Medford, Ore., Lodge, for instance, held a highly successful program in which 339 pints were collected, and the Elks of "Naval" Port Angeles, Wash., in a joint sponsorship program with the American Legion, held a two-day blood bank at the Elks lodge home when 871 pints were contributed.

Ridgewood, N. J., Lodge secured 175 pints toward its quota during a blood-mobile visit, and Rahway, N. J., Lodge, was one of those which turned over its lodge building and its facilities for the purpose of blood collection.



LAFAYETTE, IND.

ANOTHER RECORD BROKEN

Lebanon, Ore., Lodge reports that its sponsorship of a unit brought in a total of 304 pints, breaking the record for that vicinity, and Salinas, Calif., Lodge announces that it was responsible for the collection of 338 pints in a one-day campaign.

SINGLE-UNIT SUCCESSES

Another highly successful one-day program brought in 417 pints for Everett, Wash., Lodge which plans to hold two-day units from now on each month to insure its quota.

Just before Christmas, McMinnville, Ore., Lodge contributed 286 pints during a one-day blood donor program, and Lima Ohio, Lodge came through with 88 pints.

ELKS TAKING LEAD

Helena, Mont., Lodge gave space in its home to clinic representatives in a very satisfactory drive, and West Palm Beach, Fla., is another city where the Elks turned over the facilities of their home to this campaign.

Oswego, N. Y., Lodge has pledged 25 donors for each visit of the bloodmobile which occurs every six weeks, and when the unit visited Lansford, Pa., 66 Elks were on hand to make their contributions.

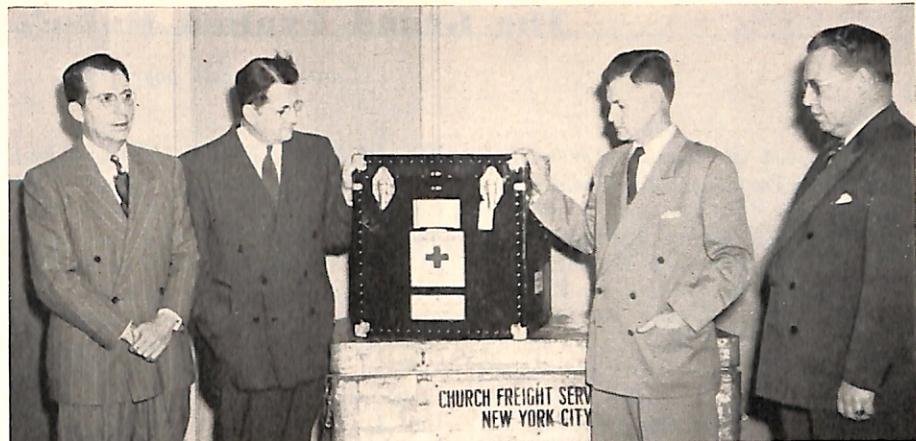
Plymouth, Mich., Lodge is putting on a city-wide drive for donors, and Hastings, Neb., Lodge has offered its home for the use of the mobile blood bank.

HIGH FIGURES REPORTED

The campaign in Dallas, Tex., is well under way, judging from a report revealing that some 600 members have made their contributions, and East Stroudsburg, Pa., Lodge announces that it has headed the blood donor program for its entire county for some six months. Its home is used as the blood donor center and all committee meetings are held there. In the six-month period, the lodge has collected over 500 pints, expects to continue at the rate of 100 a month—not bad for a lodge of only 450 members.

FACILITIES MUST BE PROVIDED

Hundreds of reports reveal the difficulties the Elks in many areas are meeting in endeavoring to do their part for our Armed Forces. As a result, Mr. Davis has written to Robert A. Lovett, Secretary of Defense, pointing out to him that since there are no facilities for giving blood in either New Mexico or South Dakota, and that there are only limited facilities available in ten other States, it is impossible for many lodges to do their part. It is interesting to note that in one particular city in this neglected



FARGO, N. D.

area, hundreds of Elks signed pledges, only to find that there was no possible way for them to fulfill them.

The Grand Exalted Ruler offered the suggestion to Secretary Lovett that military planes be used as bloodmobiles to serve the people in these areas, so that no section of the country would be overlooked as a possible source of blood for our wounded in Korea. It is strongly to

be hoped that this suggestion, or some other feasible idea, be adopted.

HERE'S THE PLEDGE

Wishing to do its part to further the Order's campaign, we are carrying here a pledge which we urge you to fill out in the event that you have not yet done your share in achieving the goal.

Blood

is still desperately needed for our Armed Forces. A pint of blood in March, April, May or June may save a life. If you haven't pledged to give a pint in those months, fill in the pledge coupon below. Get members of your family and your friends to sign up. Then give the coupon to your lodge secretary or the chairman of your lodge Elks Armed Forces Blood Campaign committee. Help make good our Order's pledge of a million pints of blood for America's defenders.

ELKS ARMED FORCES BLOOD CAMPAIGN



I pledge a pint of blood for the protection of our Armed Forces. Call me when I am needed.

TELEPHONE

NAME

ADDRESS

TELEPHONE

NAME

ADDRESS

TELEPHONE

NAME

ADDRESS

GIVE IT OR GET IT!

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 21)

Davis received the Lodge's \$1,000 check for another Permanent Benefactors Certificate in the Elks National Foundation from E.R. William S. Thomas, and a \$100 first payment on a Founders Certificate from E.R. Stewart W. Patty of **ENTERPRISE LODGE NO. 1829**. The following day, accompanied by D.D. L. J. Peterson and P.D.D.'s Edward Baird and Robert Overstreet of Idaho, and E.R. Robert A. Hogg of **BOISE, IDA., LODGE, NO. 310**, Mr. Davis visited the Capitol of Idaho, stopping en route for luncheon with E.R. Leon L. Hill and 200 Elks and their ladies at **WEISER LODGE NO. 1683**. That evening the Grand Exalted Ruler was guest of honor at a dinner given by the Board of Directors of the Idaho State Elks Convalescent Home for Crippled Children at the Home in Boise, which he inspected the next day.

Nov. 26th found Elkdom's leader at the midwinter meeting of the **IDA. ELKS ASSN.** at which Pres. E. G. Yates presided. Mr. Davis spoke at the morning session, later meeting with Gov. Len Jordan. After a visit to the VA Hospital, the Grand Exalted Ruler attended a special session of Boise Lodge, witnessing the initiation 20 men in one of the Order's many Howard R. Davis Birthday Classes. D.D. Loris A. Winn was on hand to see Mr. Yates present a \$1,000 check to the Grand Exalted Ruler for a Permanent Benefactors Certificate in the Elks National Foundation. A highlight of the evening's program occurred when Grand Exalted Ruler Davis presented a 50-year membership pin to W. L. Maxey, a Charter Member of Boise Lodge.

In the company of D.D. Frank McCormick, Mr. Davis visited the home of **TWIN FALLS LODGE NO. 1183** on the 27th. E.R. William E. Garnett was in charge of the program which included a trip to Shoshone Falls, a dinner during which a two-pound Idaho potato was placed on Mr. Davis' plate, and a meeting of 300 Elks.

LEAVING Idaho, Grand Exalted Ruler Howard R. Davis made his first Utah stop on the 28th at **OGDEN LODGE NO. 719** where he lunched with Exalted Ruler De Vere Gray and 150 other Ogden Elks, including Chairman Douglas E. Lambourne of the Board of Grand Trustees, Utah Elks Association President J. Albert Boulton and District Deputy William Whittaker.

That evening, the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party were guests at dinner with 400 Elks at **PROVO LODGE NO. 849** prior to a lodge session at which E.R. Russell Stringham presided.

The next day, the Grand Exalted Ruler's birthday and wedding anniversary, was spent at **SALT LAKE CITY LODGE NO. 85**. A birthday breakfast given by 50

lodge leaders was followed by a visit to Pres. David O. McKay, head of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, and attendance at a noon organ recital in the Mormon Tabernacle when, at Mr. Davis' request, the organist played his own arrangement of *Auld Lang Syne*. That evening, the Order's leader was honored at a dinner given by Salt Lake Lodge, when he was welcomed by Mayor Earl J. Glade and Gov. J. Bracken Lee. Grand Est. Lect. Knight Lewis Mehse of Wyoming and Special Deputy Seth Billings were among the 600 Elks who attended the lodge meeting later, at which E.R. C. Frank Gilbert presided. P.E.R. Melvin Knapp handled all the arrangements.

Back in the East on Elk Memorial Sunday, Dec. 2nd, the Grand Exalted Ruler was the special speaker at the Services of two Pa. lodges, **GREENVILLE NO. 145** and **NEW CASTLE NO. 69** whose Exalted Rulers, T. K. Beil and George K. Stitzinger respectively, were in charge of the meetings.

On the 4th, the Order's leader, accompanied by Past Grand Exalted Rulers James T. Hallinan and George I. Hall, N. Y. State Pres. Frank D. O'Connor, D.D. Bruno P. Ingwersen and other dignitaries, visited **QUEENS BOROUGH, N. Y., LODGE, NO. 878**. Following a dinner served by the officers and P.E.R.'s of No. 878, a lodge session for 600 members was called by E.R. John H. Possenriede. Mrs. Davis, who accompanied her husband on the two-day visit to New York, was entertained by Mrs. Hallinan and Mrs. Hall and the wives of other Elk officials from lodges in that area.

On the 5th, Mr. Davis visited **MAMARONECK, N. Y., LODGE, NO. 1457**, where he

was royally received by 500 local Elks and several from nearby lodges. A dinner was followed by a lodge session during which E.R. Philip Kuritzky and his officers initiated a Howard R. Davis Birthday Class in the presence of State Assn. Vice-Pres. Milton Elzholz. P.D.D. James A. Gunn was in charge of the arrangements.

On Dec. 7th, accompanied by Grand Treas. Jernick, Mr. Davis was welcomed to **RAHWAY, N. J., LODGE, NO. 1075**, by E.R. William T. Flanagan. The distinguished visitor was guest of honor at a dinner attended by 450 Elks and their ladies, among them N. J. Elks Assn. Pres. Joseph O'Toole, Russell L. Binder of the Grand Lodge Youth Activities Committee and District Deputies Donald L. Woolley, William V. F. Evans and Edward Hannan.

On Dec. 8th, D.D. Clyde Zartman and 300 Elks and their ladies paid tribute to the Order's leader at a dinner given by **MIDDLETOWN, PA., LODGE, NO. 1092**, at which E.R. Thomas J. Moore presided.

FOllowing a tour of the Ithaca Convalescent Home for Crippled Children on Dec. 10th, Mr. Davis and his party were dinner guests of **ITHACA, N. Y., LODGE, NO. 636**, followed by a lodge meeting with 350 members when E.R. James M. Gray and his officers initiated the Howard R. Davis Birthday Class. On hand for this meeting were District Deputies E. M. Odell Charles E. Burgan and William O'Connell.

The next evening found Mr. Davis with State Pres. O'Connor at the 50th Anniversary celebration of **CORTLAND, N. Y., LODGE, NO. 748**. Both officials addressed the 400 diners after E.R. Charles Owens had introduced Past State Pres. L. R. Dowd as Toastmaster. Mayor Robert Kerr extended the greetings of the city and the Grand Exalted Ruler presented a 50-year membership pin to Clarence J. Maltby, the lodge's only surviving Charter Member, who also received a \$50 U. S. Bond from his fellow Elks.

On Dec. 13th, Mr. Davis assisted in the observance of the 60th Anniversary of **ASHTABULA, OHIO, LODGE, NO. 208**, when he was the guest of 50 officers and P.E.R.'s at a luncheon and made an afternoon inspection of the city's General Hospital soon to be opened, largely through the efforts of the local Elks. In the evening he attended a dinner with about 300 Elks, among them D.D. Harrison B. Fisher, later addressing 500 men at a lodge session at which E.R. John W. Zaback presided. Mr. Davis had the pleasure of presenting 50-year membership pins to William Strubbe and Jack Callan during the program which was capably handled by Past District Deputy John Creamer, of the host lodge.

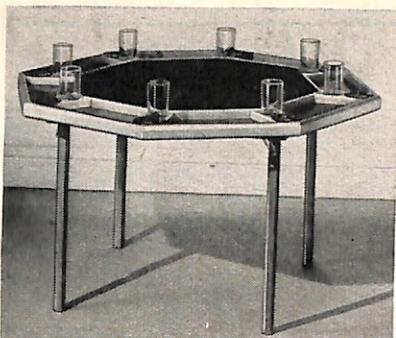
Grand Exalted Ruler's Itinerary

FEBRUARY	LODGE
1	Montgomery, Ala.
2	Pensacola, Fla.
3	" "
4 (Noon)	Fort Walton, Fla.
(Evening)	Panama City, Fla.
5 (Noon)	Tallahassee, Fla.
(Evening)	Gainesville, Fla.
6 (Noon)	Umatilla, Fla.
(Evening)	West Palm Beach, Fla.
7	Fort Lauderdale, Fla.
9	Louisville, Ky.
11 (Noon)	Belleville, Ill.
(Evening)	St. Louis, Mo.
14	Pittsburgh, Pa.
16	New York, N. Y.
17	Providence, R. I.
18	Boston, Mass.
22	Berea, Ohio

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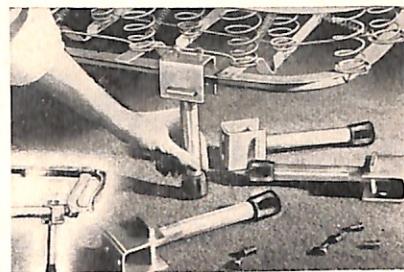
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Elks

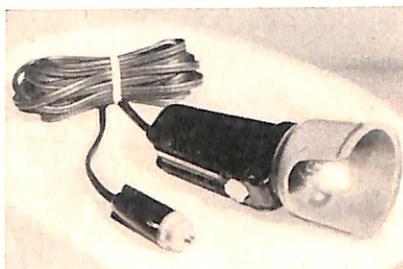
FAMILY SHOPPER



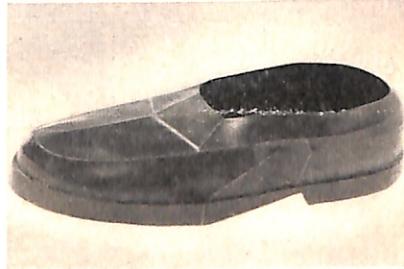
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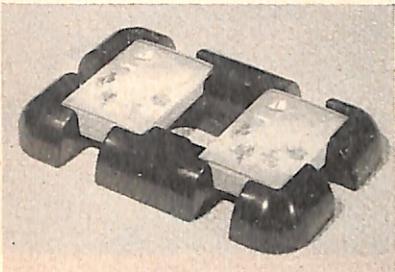
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Elks

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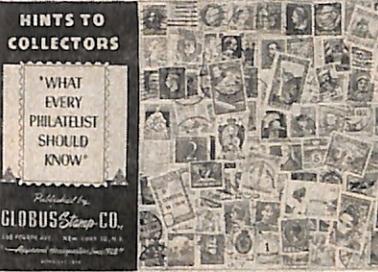
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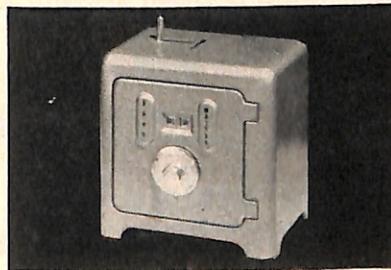
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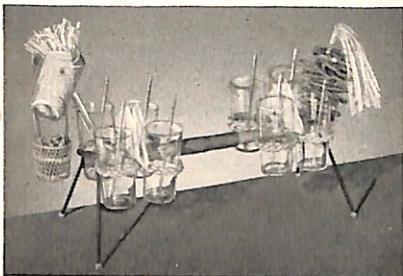
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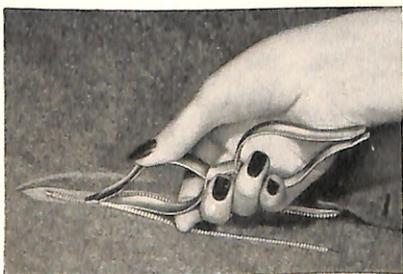
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Basketball Will Bounce Back

(Continued from page 8)

in the little Y.M.C.A. gymnasium in Springfield, Mass., not only all over the country but all over the world. There now are something like fifty nations playing the court game.

I'll never forget the time I watched two Chinese teams hold a practice game in Berlin just before the 1936 Olympic Games. I had to smile while I watched them. The United States squad that year was composed in the main from two A.A.U. teams, the fast-breaking Phillips Oilers and the deliberate, set-play advocates, the Universals. One Chinese team was modelled after the Oilers, a quick-break group of firehorse style of play. The other was patterned after the Universals, setting up each play with careful deliberation.

When you stop to analyze basketball,

you begin to realize how generic and overwhelming is its appeal. It is played with the fewest performers of any major team sport and with the largest ball. Each is highly important from a spectator standpoint.

The guy in the stand can always see what's going-on. Football's mob scene, complicated by the hipper-dipper tactics of the T-formation magician, bewilders him. Often he loses sight of the hockey puck or the baseball. But the basketball is crystal clear before his eyes and has no mysteries. A stranger from Mars can get the hang of it in a few minutes.

Any game that fundamental can't help but bounce back from the impact of a scandal. Ironically enough, the scandals are a left-handed testimony to the vast popularity of the dribble diversion. When

the court sport was just a little boy, the gamblers never bothered with it. But when it grew to be a giant, then it was worth while.

Basketball first put on its seven-league boots in 1934 when Ned Irish, a reformed sports writer, instituted a series of collegiate double-headers in Madison Square Garden. Ned and I used to cover the sport together some twenty-odd years ago. In fact we were among the first reporters on any New York newspapers to be assigned regularly to the game, as sports editors began to realize that they no longer could afford to ignore this fast-growing phase of athletics.

We all moaned about the lack of proper facilities as we struggled and fought our way into cramped college gymnasiums. But no one did anything about it. I was with Ned one night at Manhattan College when even the Gentlemen of the Press couldn't gain admittance, the doors being shut hours before game time.

I helped boost him through a window. That's when he ripped his overcoat and got mad. That's when the Madison Square Garden idea was born. I could have had it but just was too dumb to take advantage of the opportunity. But Irish determined to do something about the disgraceful conditions and did. He started the Garden shows the next year.

NOTHING HAD a more profound effect on the sport than that shrewd move. The dribble art was entirely sectional up to that point. The New Yorkers, taking their style of play from the professionals of an earlier era—particularly the legendary Original Celtics—emphasized control, ball handling and no waste shots. That was the Eastern brand of play.

But into the Garden came the Westerners with a violently different concept of the game. They emphasized size, drive and the old heave-ho. When Stanford, sparked by the great Hank Luisetti, made its first appearance along the Atlantic Seaboard, Easterners couldn't believe their eyes.

The Californians tossed one-handers off their ears from any part of the court. They didn't take dead aim for the ring with carefully poised two-handers the way New Yorkers did. They just fired away from anywhere at any time.

"That isn't basketball," contemptuously remarked Nat Holman of City College, a Celtic immortal himself in his youth. "I'd quit coaching before I ever taught that type of basketball."

But the first thing anyone knew all the high school and grammar school boys in New York were to be seen practicing one-handers, à la Luisetti. By the time they reached college they didn't know how to shoot two-handed. And it wasn't very long afterwards before Holman and

PRICE ELKS DONATE ANTI-COMMUNIST BOOKS

TO GIVE American readers the true picture of Communism, Price, Utah, Lodge No. 1550 recently presented five sets of books to the towns of Price, Helper, Dragerton and Castle Dale, and to Carbon College. The books were obtained as a result of the article, "Communism—What You Can Do About It!" by F. J. McNamara, which ran in our July issue and in which Mr. McNamara said, in part, "It is your right and your responsibility as a taxpayer to see that the library's funds are not wasted on books and magazines written by Communist propagandists and Soviet apologists. Your library is one of the most powerful opinion-making organizations in the com-

munity. Yet most libraries have limited funds and must buy selectively."

These words stirred Secretary S. J. Sweetring of the Price Lodge to write a letter to *The Elks Magazine* asking for a copy of the list of anti-Communist books recommended by Mr. McNamara. Upon receipt of this list a program was undertaken by the Price Elks, and the five sets of books were purchased and presented to the above libraries. Before being placed on the shelves of the libraries, the books were on display for a week so that every reader in the community would know that the books were available as a result of the forward-looking and patriotic action of the Elks of Price, Utah.



Books presented by the Price, Utah, Lodge to the Price Carnegie library and to the libraries at Helper, Dragerton, Castle Dale and Carbon College. In this picture S. J. Sweetring, Secretary of the Price Lodge, is presenting the books to Mrs. Peggy Shiner, Price librarian. The anti-Communist books were placed in the five libraries to give American readers a true picture of Communism, and their presentation is another step in the Order's fight against Communist propaganda.

all his contemporaries were teaching the precise style of play they once had scorned.

If New Yorkers learned something from the visitors, however, the visitors also learned something from the New Yorkers. And the success of the Garden as a site of the game also left its impact. Similar enterprises were begun in Boston, Chicago, Buffalo, San Francisco, Philadelphia, Kansas City, St. Louis and way stations. And some colleges built huge arenas—North Carolina State and Kentucky being the most noteworthy.

The game lost its provincialism and its sectionalism. Teams travelled all over the country, exchanging ideas so that the various conferences lost their stamps of individuality. Peoria basketball became no different from Seattle basketball or Boston basketball or Houston basketball. Officiating also lost its sectional interpretation of rules.

SWIFT AS the game had been in the early part of the last quarter century (the only important phase of its existence) it raced on in ever dizzier fashion. The mania was for speed and more speed. The center jump was eliminated after each field goal and the premium on attack mounted. So did the scores. The average count in the Twenties was in the 20s, in the Thirties in the 30s or 40s, in the Forties up over 50 and nowadays we actually have colleges scoring a hundred points in a night.

In the old days a guard was exactly what the term implied. He guarded a forward. Now a guard is just another high scoring forward. The essential terms mean not a thing.

When Bucky Harris, the manager of the Washington Senators, was young, he played professional basketball between

baseball seasons. He played in the rough, tough Pennsylvania coal-mining region. Bucky was a guard and he had a favorite stratagem. He used to try to score a quick field goal at the start of the game. Then he'd drop into position alongside the man he was guarding.

"Okay, bud," Bucky would snarl. "I just made my basket. Let's see you try to make yours."

Belligerent Bucky was through scoring for the night. And he concentrated with might and main to keep his opponent from scoring. Often he succeeded.

There once was a famous old pro named Skeets Wright. He was a guard, so jealous of his job that he'd go crazy whenever the other fellow scored on him. His proudest moment always came whenever he shut out his opponent, an impossibility in today's free-wheeling, free-scoring affairs.

One night Skeets' team was well out in front in the closing minutes of the game. Skeets was preening himself over the fact that his opponent had nary a basket. So his team-mates plotted against him, Joe Lapchick being the arch-conspirator. Down the floor swept the enemy team on the attack, weaving and cutting for the basket.

"Switch men, Skeets," called out Joe, stifling a guffaw. "I got your man."

Obediently Skeets picked up Lapchick's man. But Joe let Skeets' rival slip past him for a basket. Skeets glowered at him because that field goal would show in the box score and everyone would blame Wright wrongly for it.

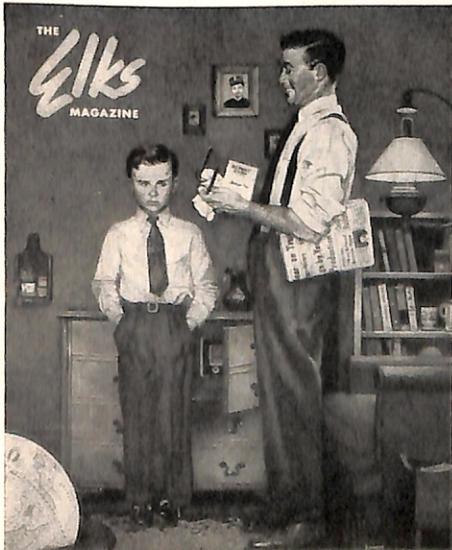
Once more the enemy surged down.

"Switch, Skeets," called out Joe again. "I got your man."

The same thing happened. Skeets was so red-faced he looked ready to explode. Not a word did he say, though. For the

THE STORY OF OUR FEBRUARY COVER

Generally speaking, good artists, like good businessmen, are rather



reticent about passing along original ideas. That's why we particularly want to call attention to our February cover, the idea for which was originated by Woodi—an illustrator who paints frequently for this magazine as well as for other national publications. Woodi is now working on our April fishing cover and, of course, we couldn't very well use the same artist both in April and in February. However, he very generously offered us the idea of the little boy bringing home the report card to Dad, who obviously is going to have a change of attitude when he looks at the record for the half-year. (Incidentally, doubters can be quite sure that the June marks are going to be much different.) We asked Robert Moore, who did the harness racing cover in August, 1950, to do the painting and, not to overlook Woodi, asked him to paint the basketball picture which appears on page 9.

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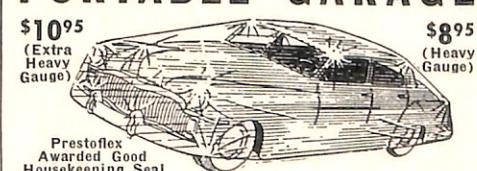
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A PUEBLO INDIAN THANKS THE ELKS



When his dental education at Creighton University is finished, George Blue Spruce will be the only Indian dentist in the entire Pueblo Nations, comprising 47,000 individuals. Three years ago, at the State Association meeting held at Carlsbad, the New Mexico Elks raised the initial fund to start Blue Spruce at Creighton; and when he had completed two years of pre-dental training, an appeal for further help, presented at the

suggestion of Mr. Ray Arias, District Deputy, N. M. Elks Assn., at the New Mexico State Convention at Hobbs this past summer, raised sufficient funds in personal contributions to assure at least one more year of help. A resolution was passed to work out ways and means of sponsoring him throughout his education.

Blue Spruce is a full-blooded Pueblo Indian: as he puts it, "The Pueblo Indian is a part of me." The Pueblos have a strong sense of tribal solidarity, and the older generations are conservative. Isolated by poverty and tribal customs, few Indians break away from the home environment to receive a modern education. But encouraged by his ambitious parents and aided by his father's salary and his own summer earnings, Blue Spruce struck out on his own in an effort to increase the health and prosperity of his people by bringing modern dental techniques to their aid. In high school he led his class throughout all four years and was class president for three years. He was Valedictorian at graduation and won a statewide scholarship sponsored by the New Mexico State Elks Association. At Creighton he is one of the top students in his class. But in his eyes, these honors are of minor importance compared with the fulfillment of his life's dream: to become the first Pueblo Indian dentist, and to practice among his tribesmen.

In his appeal presented to the Elks at Hobbs, George Blue Spruce said:

"For the past two years I have been a part of the Elks. You'll never know how wonderful it has been. What you have done for me shall always be remembered, not only by me, but also by the Pueblos whom I represent.

"In our opinion, organizations such as yours offer God-sent opportunities. We jump at this opportunity, praying that my plea will secure a portion of your help, so that I may no longer be doubtful as to the remainder of my desired profession. Yes, we are proud of you, and may we at this time offer our sincerest gratitude, with prayers that you shall always be there to aid those who have never had the chance to show their true value."

third time the enemy flashed down the court. For the third time Lapchick shouted:

"I got your man, Skeets."

"So have I," screamed the indignant Skeets, flattening the forward just as he was about to score.

THERE WAS plenty of gambling done those early days of professional basketball. But it all was strictly man-to-man betting with no professional odds-maker serving as middleman. If Wilkes-Barre was playing Scranton, a Scrantonian would feel that he was letting down his team if he didn't bet against a Wilkes-Barre guy who had the same loyalty toward his own quintet.

Sometimes a visiting team which was so thoughtless as to beat the home town forces would need the help of the police to escape in one piece. But the basketball

played was as genuine as the enthusiasm of the spectators.

Never was there a hint of a scandal in those days. Scores were so low and the better team had such complete control of the ball that a fix was virtually impossible anyway.

One of the few quintets in that era which arranged the score to suit its fancy was the Original Celtics, the most fabulous collection of dribble artists in history. The code of the game was different in those days. The center jump was still in force and the Celtics could always control it with either Lapchick or his predecessor, the legendary Horse Haggerty. The forwards were Nat Holman and Johnny Beckman, swift, adroit and prodigious scorers.

Dutch Dehnert was a guard who invented the pivot play. Chris Leonard was the other guard with Pete Barry as man-

ager and fill-in substitute whenever anyone needed a rest—which was rare.

The wearers of the Shamrock played approximately 130 games a season and it was an unsuccessful campaign when they lost as many as three contests. They toured the country from one end to the other and soon discovered that it was bad business to beat the local yokels by a huge margin. So they kept the margin fairly close and enthusiastic promoters always demanded a return match.

But the Celtics knew that they were home free if they had a three or even a one-point lead with five minutes to go. They were so clever and the rules then in force gave them so much room to work that they never worried. They'd merely whip in the ball to Dehnert in the pivot and he'd pass it out. If the opposition as much as touched the ball during that time, it was strictly an accident.

More important, though, what wagering there was dealt with the winning team and not the winning margin, a vitally important difference. Even when Ned Irish started his collegiate doubleheaders at Madison Square Garden in 1934, the bets were made on the winning team and not the winning margin.

Irish strove energetically to check gambling in the arena. He ordered the special police to keep the crowds moving and permit no congregating or loitering in the lobby. He figured that no bet-taker would get the chance to station himself in an appointed spot and accept what wagers passers-by would make with him after a few minutes of arguing over odds.

Once this scheme boomeranged on him. Ned was out in the lobby one night, standing there as he took in the situation in a glance. He felt a tap on his shoulder and turned to see a grim-faced gendarme behind him.

"Move along wid ye, buddy," said the cop.

"That's all right, officer," said Ned, ignoring the policeman and scanning the milling crowd. "I'm Irish."

"So am I, me bucko," said the copper. "But orders is orders. Move along wid ye."

Ned moved along.

The gambling in those days was of the chicken-feed variety compared to what it was to become later. If City College was a 2-1 favorite over St. John's, a St. John's rooter might hesitate to make so lopsided a bet. It had no intrinsic appeal.

But along came that invention of the devil about a decade ago. This was the point spread gimmick. It revolutionized wagering on practically every sport, increased gambling a hundred per cent and came closer to ruining basketball than anything which happened since Jan. 20, 1892, when Dr. James Naismith originated the game.

Instead of 2-to-1 odds on City College (names are arbitrarily chosen and are used only for purposes of example) the new gimmick offered an almost irresistible come-on. The odds-setter might offer

City College minus ten points or St. John's plus 8 points, each wagerer putting up \$6 to win \$5. Thus did the gambler win a dollar, regardless of results. If City won by nine points, the gambler also won both ends of the bet.

Thus was a gamblers' paradise created. The point spread gimmick gave him more action than he ever dreamed could exist and opened up new fields. The bet-hungry fans not only wagered on the games they were watching but they'd also bet on a game between Cowpoke Tech and Temperature Normal, two unknowns deep in the sagebrush country.

Headquarters for the gambling syndicate was in Minneapolis, where the odds were set on any game played anywhere in the country. The Minneapolis folks had pipelines into every campus and often they knew that the star forward had a sprained ankle even before the boy's coach knew it.

The accuracy of their information was reflected in the accuracy of the point spread they offered. They hit the bull's-eye on the target nine times out of ten and rarely were far out of line on that tenth time.

The point spread gimmick even revolutionized cheering sections. In the old days there would be little enthusiasm from the crowd when one team went into the closing minutes with a 12-point lead. But if the point spread on that team was a dozen points, the crowd stayed to the bitter end, screaming frantically that one last shot be made or missed. Unimportant as far as the result of the game was concerned, it was important to the bettors as to whether that winning margin was 11 points or 12 or 13.

INTO THIS paradise of the honest gamblers—and there are such, believe it or not—came the serpent, the fixer. He wanted to control the point spread. So diabolical is the point spread that he could say to a player with disarming but specious plausibility,

"I'm not asking you to throw a game. Never would I want you to be that disloyal to your school. I'm merely asking you to keep the score down. Your school still wins and you can pick up some easy money with no one ever the wiser."

That was the bait which hooked the fish. And once the fish was hooked there would be another and more demanding tug at the lines from the fixer. It was a gentle step from controlling points to controlling results.

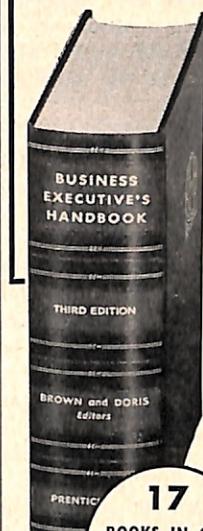
There even were a few rare occasions when the whole thing got out of hand. The duped players shaved the points so close that they cut the skin. One occasion would be ludicrous if it weren't so tragic. That was the time when the points were cut so fine that the game was lost when a rival substitute heaved in the winning basket from midcourt in the final seconds with one of those heaven-help-us shots.

If the point spread never had been in-

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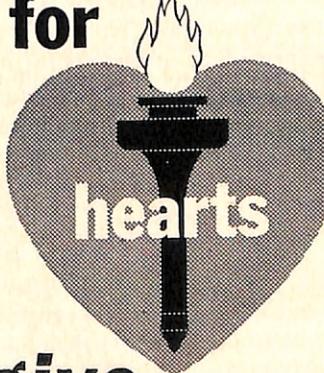
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vented by some satanic intellect, scandal might never have touched basketball. The luckiest thing which ever happened to baseball is that there is absolutely no way of applying the point spread gimmick to it. This could be the salvation of the diamond game.

It would be nice to offer a solution to the gambling evil which has struck the dribble diversion so low a blow. But there is no obvious solution, and the return of the game to stuffy college gymnasiums by taking it from the big city arenas is not the answer. Madison Square Garden and similar arenas didn't cause the problem, even though they hastened it by helping make the sport so big and so popular. But mere size isn't in itself an evil.

There is absolutely no sense to killing the dog in order to rid it of the fleas.

Basketball has grown too huge to be jammed back into the tiny cage where it

lived in obscure comfort in the earlier years of this century. If the colleges clean their own houses as far as proselytizing, subsidizing and attendant evils are concerned and if they continue to exert the proper watchfulness, the court game can go on to even greater heights.

No sport whose roots reach out all over the country and embrace the youth of America in fond grasp can be fundamentally wrong or unsound or worthy of strangulation. Basketball grips our youngsters in precisely that fashion.

You can see it all around you, the basketball hoop on playground walls, on barns, on trees and any place one looks in this huge country of ours. This is a great sport that will some day be even greater, so appealing and so durable that even scandal can't kill it.

A basketball has plenty of bounce to it. The sport of basketball is just as resilient. Of that you can be sure.

CONVENTION PLANS WELL UNDER WAY

PLANS for the Grand Lodge Convention, which will be held in New York City July 13 to 17, are greatly advanced, according to PGER James T. Hallinan, General Chairman. All Grand Lodge sessions will be held in the grand ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, and convention headquarters will be located in the Hotel Commodore.

Evidence of the tremendous attendance expected is the fact that 18 State Associations have already made their reservations and have been assigned to hotels by the Committee. New York's finest hotels are cooperating with the Committee by honoring only those requests for reservations that are received from the Convention Committee as transmitted by Chairmen of State Association Convention Committees. The hotels turn back reservation requests received from individuals. This plan permits each state group to be housed as a unit, with all of the obvious advantages.

Realizing that a trip to New York must include a visit to the World Champion Yankees, Chairman Hallinan has arranged a mammoth "Elks Day at the Yankee Stadium". This feature event is scheduled for Wednesday, July 16, and is expected to attract more than 50,000 Elks and members of their families. Bands, glee club and drill teams will participate in pre-game ceremonies. Radio and television networks have arranged to cover the show. Elks who are members of the Yankee ball team and their opponents that day will receive special presentations from their home lodges prior to the game.

Elaborate arrangements are being made to provide finest sightseeing facilities for Elk visitors. The Wilson Line's 3,300-passenger steamship "State of Pennsylvania" has been engaged for cruises around Manhattan island. This is one of the most famous and rewarding sightseeing trips in the world. Elk parties will tour Radio City, going behind the scenes of radio and television broadcasting. Other tour trips will include the Bowery, where still stands the building in which Elkdom was founded, the United Nations, Chinatown, Greenwich Village, Wall Street and the Stock Exchange, the Empire State Building, Times Square and the Great White Way of Broadway.

The Committee states that contests will be arranged for bands, glee clubs and drill teams, with prizes to be announced later. These groups are encouraged to plan to visit the Convention and arrange to enter the contests.

Lodges of New York State are contemplating an interesting exhibit of the wonders of the Empire State as a part of the welcoming committee's program of hospitality to visiting Brothers and their families.

Details about the Convention may be obtained by writing to Bryan J. McKeogh, Convention Director, 292 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. The telephone number is LExington 2-8493.

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In the Doghouse

(Continued from page 27)

or broth. Between seven and eight at night repeat the meat meal. Along about bedtime, not yours but the pup's—say about ten to eleven—the youngster should get a cup of warmed milk. He'll sleep more soundly for it. Continue this program until the pup has shed his milk teeth and grown his second teeth. This should be when the dog is about six months old. Of course, as the puppy grows week by week, slight increases should be made to the amounts of food you give. Again, this depends upon the size of the breed. Larger dogs naturally require larger amounts. Officially the dog is considered full-grown at the age of twelve months. I say officially, since this is the ruling made by the American Kennel Club, governing body for purebred dogs in the United States. Actually, the larger breeds, such as the Great Dane, German Shepherd, Collie, etc., do not fully mature until they are about fourteen or sixteen months old. When the dog is six months old you can eliminate the late afternoon meal. When your dog is twelve months old, cut the meals to two a day. While your puppy is teething, give him a large bone to gnaw. This can be either cooked or raw. It will help him to shed his baby teeth. Never, however, give him any small bone that he may be able to crack. Swallowed bone splinters have too often proved fatal to dogs; they may puncture the stomach or intestines. Excellent substitutes are a hard rubber ball—one too large for him to swallow—or one of those rubber dog bones you can get in your local five and dime store. Until the pup reaches the age of twelve months, give him a half to a whole teaspoonful of cod liver oil once a day. This should supply the necessary vitamins D and A. When your dog is six months old or even four months, you can feed the meat in larger pieces, and at six months you can safely give him well-cooked lamb or veal, making a stew of this by adding a few vegetables such as carrots, peas or onions—but never potatoes or beans, since these are too hard for canine digestions.

I'VE laid down a program of two meals a day for the adult dog, but for the average under-exercised house pet one large meal is best. More dogs die from overfeeding than from not being fed enough. In this you'll have to study your dog. If he shows signs of being under-fed, then give him the two meals; but if he leaves some of his food uneaten, then cut the feeding to one meal a day. A fairly safe guide for the amount of food to feed a dog is the formula, "one ounce of food to each pound weight of the dog." To the meats you can add cooked mutton, liver raw or cooked, tripe raw or cooked. When the dog is full grown you can step up the lime water addition to one ounce to a pint of broth or milk. As a moistener for dry

cereals you can substitute vegetable juices for the broth or milk and fruit juices, too—provided your dog relishes them. Never at any time allow uneaten food to remain on the dog's dish available to him. During hot weather such food quickly spoils and in any weather it will accumulate a film of dust which will not do your dog any good.

Here are a few do's and don'ts on the feeding schedule:

Do feed—

- Beef—raw or cooked
- Veal, lamb or mutton, cooked
- Prepared, commercial dog foods (the better known kinds)
- Cereals (dry)
- Green vegetables
- Bread—well toasted
- Broths
- Milk
- Vegetable juices
- Fruit juices
- Large, un-crackable bones

Do not feed—

- Small bones
- Potatoes
- Beans
- Rice
- Fried foods
- Hard boiled eggs
- Pastry
- Coffee or tea
- Chicken or other fowl (Unless thoroughly boned)
- Fish unless all bones are removed.

One of the best laxatives for puppies is one to six spoonfuls of milk of magnesia, depending upon the size and age of the dog.

If your puppy refuses one or two meals, watch him carefully for signs of sickness. At these times the vet should be consulted. If an adult dog refuses a few meals, don't be too alarmed. But if the dog skips more than three meals, then your vet should be called in. It is better to prevent sickness than to try to cure it after it arrives. Always provide clean, fresh water for both puppy and growing dog. Renew this several times a day, because an exposed dish accumulates dust. In summer, if the dog is kept outside, be sure that the drinking dish is kept in the shade. Let your dog enjoy all the sunshine he wants both winter and summer, but when the thermometer begins to climb, see to it that the dog kept outside has shade available.

If you want your dog to remain alert at night, feed him his last meal before sundown or, if he gets only one big meal a day, give it to him during the middle of the afternoon. If you want the dog to be quiet at night, give him his biggest meal at that time. Dogs, like all animals, sleep more readily and soundly after having eaten.

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What Our Readers Have to Say

(Continued from page 3)

May we have more of Octavus Roy Cohen's wonderful stories on Florian Slaphey!

I. Poznan

Pine Lawn, Mo.

Readers will be glad to learn that we have made arrangements with Mr. Cohen for another Florian Slaphey story, to appear in a future issue.

I could not resist the temptation of extending to you and the other officers of *The Elks Magazine* my congratulations upon the wonderful progress and success which has made this Magazine the outstanding fraternal journal of the country: which shows what can be accomplished if one is really interested and will use his intellectual knowledge and wisdom in furthering any kind of a project.

Ed J. Zinsmeister

Zanesville, Ohio

I am glad that you have found Mexico worthy of mentioning in "For Elks Who Travel", in the November issue, and especially pleased that Mr. Sutton describes things as they actually are, which many who write articles on Mexico do not.

Hartford H. Miller
Torreón, Coah., Méx.

While going over some notes I made while I was in the service during World War II, I came across something that seemed good for a laugh, and I pass it on.

When I was stationed in New Orleans, my address was simply my name, a number and N.O.P.O.E., New Orleans, La., indicating, of course, the New Orleans Port of Embarkation. Eventually, however, I was transferred to Boston, and told my friends so. When several weeks passed without so much as one letter, I was naturally concerned but didn't know quite what to do about it. But one day I stopped by at the Boston Lodge, and when I introduced myself, the Secretary said: "Maybe you are the fellow we have been wondering about," and he produced a stack of letters all addressed to me: my name, my number and B.P.O.E., Boston, Mass.

My friends assumed that, because they had written me at N.O.P.O.E., my Boston address would be B.P.O.E., Boston—and it was!

George O'Donnell

Fishkill, N.Y.

I enjoy *The Elks Magazine* more than any other. I always look forward to it, and find everything in it very interesting.

Richard Roessler

Berkeley, Calif.

Gunshop to the World

(Continued from page 15)

for Israel, was finally intercepted in the Azores. It was found to be loaded with guns and ammunition, including pieces from Stoeger's.

The favorite customer, of course, is the man who really appreciates a fine gun. According to the popular song, "Diamonds are a girl's best friend"; a gun may be equally important to an outdoor man. Any woman who has longed for a square cut Tiffany blue white diamond of, say, two or three carats, can understand the desire of a man at the sight of a Zephyr over-and-under shotgun. Not long ago Alexander Stoeger received a letter written on brown wrapping paper from an address in the Western Oregon logging country. How much, the letter inquired, was the current price of the four-barrelled gun which had been described in "The Shooter's Bible" of fifteen years before?

Stoeger is accustomed to curious inquiries and at some inconvenience punctiliously replies to them, observing the universal fellowship among firearm fanciers. The price, he wrote, was \$1,000. Such a gun was indeed magnificent, he added. Lucky was the connoisseur with both the good taste and the wealth to appreciate and afford it.

By return mail Stoeger received ten

money orders for \$100 each. The writer was an itinerant laborer, the accompanying letter explained, who had been saving to buy that gun since he had first seen it in "The Shooter's Bible" fifteen years before. He had often gone without food and even more frequently without adequate clothing and shelter to keep adding to the store of small bills and silver he gradually built up. Like one madly in love with a woman, he was a man possessed. It was something he had to have. Stoeger understands this feeling because it is chronic to some degree in most of the 200,000 people who are regular buyers of "The Shooter's Bible."

"The Shooter's Bible" is, obviously, much more than a catalogue. People don't crowd around by the tens of thousands to plunk down \$1.25 a year just for a catalogue. 400 pages long, it has room for endless pictures of guns, pistols and accessories. But it also carries photographs and descriptions of all parts for many guns and pistols in current use. It has detailed tables of ballistics. Authoritative articles deal with such technical subjects as loading your own ammunition and obscure proof (identifying) marks on domestic and foreign weapons. There are descriptions of the world's most accurate shooting—five shots at 100 yards all

hitting the bullseye so nearly in the center that the hole in the target made by all five shots is no more than $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch at its widest point!

Naturally, such reading is for the man who loves guns. He will work his way through a discussion of modern military sidearms and the finer points of technique in hunting bears on the Alaskan coasts with the same unflagging interest of a small boy at his first circus. Most outdoor men abhor such domestic trivia as cooking in the home. But they read avidly "The Shooter's Bible" critique on the culinary art of the campfire. To learn that starting a steak before salting preserves the beef flavor thrills a camper. That kind of cooking information he puts in his permanent recipe book. This he carries in his hatband.

THOUGH MOST backwoodsmen are astonishingly astute and meticulous in their financial dealings, at least one of them apparently mistook the implications in the title, "The Shooter's Bible". He figured Stoeger's passed minor miracles for the hunting gentry as handily as the Biblical turning of wine into water. They still prize his check for \$1,000 sent with an order for 50c worth of ammunition. "Please," said the accompanying note, "send my change in cash."

The hundreds of pistols and guns displayed in the Fifth Avenue store have proved tempting beyond endurance to several characters whose interests were not wholly sporting. Once a Stoeger salesman shot it out with a hold-up man, to the latter's discomfiture. While his wounds were being treated he admitted ruefully that the idea that Fifth Avenue sales clerks might be dead shots simply hadn't occurred to him.

One night a couple of gunmen got away with six pistols. That's the only successful robbery to date, though an

eleven year old youngster once stowed away in a packing case until after closing time. When he tripped the burglar alarm later in the evening, radio prowler car police found him pulling down with a .45 on an imaginary bandit cowering behind a show case. The cops could fairly hear the line, "Come out with yer hands high, Black Bart, I got you covered." The youngster got a reprimand from the juvenile court and an invitation from Stoeger's to drop around any time and fondle the guns.

Such an organization is obviously not to be perturbed by ordinary problems. A weather observer, camped next door to the North Pole, ordered a pistol. He was beyond reach of express or freight—or dogsled. Delivery was accomplished with simple efficiency by dropping the pistol to him from an airplane, via parachute.

The firm doesn't get orders regularly from the North Pole, but they come in from nearly everywhere else, sometimes in odd form. One back-country French Canadian named Gaston Pilon wrote an order for himself and his friend, Pierre, on birchbark. "Pierre," he bragged, "is the best on for to shot in de hole dam nort contry."

A request from Alaska for a quotation on a special gun was answered routinely with a price of \$500. By return parcel post Stoeger's received a cigar box crammed with nuggets and a small bottle of gold dust. "Take this to the assay office," the instructions read, "and turn it in for cash. And send me my rifle." The gold weighed out to just \$15 more than needed. Stoeger resisted an urge to return the change in the form of \$15 worth of silver ore and sent a refund check instead. Alex Stoeger still feels this was a stuffy thing to do.

Small boys who mow lawns and bravely perform other revolting chores to accumulate enough money for a real

TORRINGTON NEWSPAPER PRAISES THE ELKS

We thought our readers would particularly appreciate reading this friendly and sincere note about Elkdom and the Magazine. It ran recently in Peg Graham's popular column, "Talking Things Over", which appears regularly in the Torrington, Conn., "Register".

ONE of the most benevolent organizations in the whole world is the Elks. Everybody knows this and yet the Elks work so quietly and so efficiently that sometimes we miss knowing all the perfectly wonderful things they do. *The Elks Magazine* comes into our house because the head of our house (and we hope our Mom doesn't read this) is an Elk of long standing—in fact, a qualified "Old-Timer". If you have never read this excellent publication, we recommend it highly. The Elks care for their members, about people generally and unless you

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revolver are often disappointed to discover that under the firm's strict sales rules they don't qualify as customers. Pistols are sold only to persons over twenty-one with the required permit, and who represent themselves as of good character and fill out a searching questionnaire. One eight year old who had frittered away his resources on bubble gum and soda pop signed his father's name to a check and filled in questionnaire data on his parent, hoping to intercept the coveted revolver on its arrival. But Chris Leininger, who screens orders with uncanny olfactory sensitivity, caught a whiff of rodent and waited for the check to clear before shipping. The check bounced.

BECAUSE STOEGER'S is regarded with reverent awe by admirers of firearms, from royalty to roustabouts, its customer relations seem uninsected by ordinary pecuniary taint. In forwarding his application to join the inner circle of Stoeger's customers, one man acknowledged that he had just been released from jail after serving a term for assault and battery. "I hope I am eligible," he wrote, with the air of a man seeking Heavenly forgiveness. He wanted a Colt .45. He didn't get it.

In other instances Stoeger's will do the impossible for a customer, sometimes by bland assumption of pre-eminence. Recently Leininger received an order from a young lieutenant in Korea for a Smith and Wesson Magnum .357 revolver, the most powerful hand gun in the world. The Magnum .357 is as difficult to procure as a No. 1 priority for aluminum. But to Stoeger's a soldier battling in Korea rates several cuts above the Maharajah of Indore. Unfortunately, though, there wasn't a Magnum .357 to be bought anywhere. Finally Leininger picked up the phone and called the Smith and Wesson plant in Springfield, Mass. He asked for Harry Austin, the sales manager. "I need a .357 right away," he said.

"Sorry, but there aren't any," Austin replied. "We've got just one in the whole factory."

"You mean you *had* one," said Leininger. "You just shipped it to a soldier in Korea."

A few weeks later he received an ecstatic letter from the lieutenant. "It's the finest weapon in Korea. It cost me only \$110 but I've already turned down \$2,000 for it." Leininger figures it will take more than Reds to break that soldier's morale.

Stoeger's, incidentally, has been leading a small crusade to break the Department of Defense ruling that no enlisted man overseas may have a hand gun. They are not issued and they may not be bought. This, says Stoeger's, is nonsense. Officers are permitted to purchase any such gun, even though they receive regular issue of a .45. To discriminate against the enlisted man is to endanger his life.

Troops in Korea must carry their burdensome rifles with them even when they are not in front lines. Infiltration of Reds has cost the lives of hundreds of soldiers, Stoeger's believes, who had temporarily put down their rifles and were therefore caught unarmed.

When Pearl Harbor touched off World War II the government seized all stocks of new high power rifles and shotguns, and it looked as if Stoeger's was cut back for the duration. The government quickly filled a warehouse but had no place to use them. They held an auction and Stoeger's bid high to get a supply for its customers. On one lot of 1,000 Ithaca pump guns the company made less than \$5 a sale but kept its people happy. Sales could be made only to persons supplying a sworn statement that they were farmers who needed guns to protect crops. Stoeger's suspects some people who so swore may never have seen the underside of a cow.

Mainly, though, the company kept up its wartime gun business by aggressive trading. They would buy anything that could be made to shoot. One lot of 200 old-time single shot 45-70's bought for \$2.00 each came in with broken stocks, locks and hammers. Fixed up, they were quickly bought for \$7.50.

Although any war cripples such business temporarily, both World Wars have created a tremendous interest in hunting and target shooting. Men who would never in their lifetimes have handled a gun became expert riflemen in army training. Their pride in marksmanship has carried over to civilian life and has given them an engrossing hobby. Stoeger's only complaint is that never, since 1945, has there been a sufficient supply of arms to meet the civilian demand.

One reason Stoeger's peacetime supporters are so fervent is its firm efforts to help struggling sporting goods dealers get established in handling guns. At the end of World War II, a merchant setting up a gun department brought his brother-in-law to Stoeger's to advise him on what to buy. He introduced the in-law as a gunner's mate in the Navy and, he said, an "expert". The brother-in-law responded by announcing that the .30/06 was the best rifle ever made and that the merchant would stock his store with some of those. The .30/06 is very popular in Alaska and African lion country, but the merchant's store was in Hempstead, Long Island, in New York's suburban area, where the nearest big game, long beyond the need of a .30/06, is mounted on the walls of Sagamore Hill, the home of the late Theodore Roosevelt, at Oyster Bay. Stoeger's tactfully suggested that the merchant's small capital might be more judiciously invested in several .22 caliber rifles and some shotguns for the duck season. Today—five years later—under Stoeger's careful nurturing, the merchant is the largest gun dealer on Long Island.

Stoeger's also engenders good will by

providing immediate delivery on some 10,000 gun parts for weapons up to fifty years old. Indeed, there is little that the most imaginative, ambitious or lazy hunter can wish for that Stoeger's can't supply. If the blood of the pioneers courses hot through his veins and he wants to make his own bullets, Stoeger's has the moulds for casting and the tools for loading shells. If the hunter hasn't the proper clothes, Stoeger's can keep him warm, dry or cool, whether he is after Kodiak in the Yukon or stalking the Siamese banshee. If it gets too cold outside for man or beast, and he's weathered in, Stoeger's has games to keep him from fretting until he is outside again. If he becomes hungry and doesn't want to build a fire (though such heresy seems unthinkable), he can get rations in self-heating cans.

THESE ARE but a few of the items in the magnificent miscellany at Stoeger's. You would expect them to carry tried and true whistles to entice ducks, turkeys, crows, hawks, squirrels and deer. But only the House of Stoeger would think to handle cap removers for old percussion guns and pistols. To satisfy 100 different and finicky tastes, they stock 100 different pistol holsters. Because gun fanciers include thousands of ex-G.I.'s with captured rifles they want to convert into sporting guns, Stoeger's carries a line of gun stocks for Russian, French, German and Japanese military rifles. For the connoisseur there is fine French walnut from which \$100 gun stocks are made.

Old-time trappers used to brag about concoctions with which they lured wary animals into a don't-give-a-dam sense of irresponsibility, and into their traps. These secrets were supposed to die with their owners, but Stoeger's bottles such scents for wildcats, fox, opossum, muskrats and others. Such services are all workaday. When it was realized that the civilizing pressures forced many avid hunters to remain away from the woods for long, unendurable periods, Stoeger's had life-size targets of running deer printed up in full color. Now a hunter can set up his target and blast away the year around to his heart's content and, more than incidentally, keep his shooting eye in trim.

The problem of what to do with the woodsman on long winter evenings is indeed a pressing one, and officials of the gun company have given it much serious thought. Indeed, it must be made clear that the needs of the hunter are never regarded as amusing in this stolid organization; it is itself a company of hunters, and good ones. To fill a man's fireside thought while he yearns for the outdoors, Stoeger's developed a two-pronged plan. The first of these is orthodox enough, if one discounts the characteristic bountiful Stoeger manner. It was to provide a library of materials of so extensive and so compelling a nature that a man could sit in his armchair all

winter, if need be, without taking his mind from hunting, fishing and woodsmanship, if such a term is appropriate.

From the company's stock of books the chairbound Daniel Boone can study how to hunt big game or how to trap mink. He can do research into the fine points of cartridges used to bring down an African bull elephant, or, for \$10, to bring down the ruffed grouse. He can study mink raising, taxidermy or backwoods medicine and surgery. If he is worried about running out of food he can make a specialized investigation into edible roots and herbs. He can read up on skeet, the Kentucky rifle, optics and pyrotechnics. He can delve into judo, how to tie knots and the uncertainty of the social habits of trout. He can also learn whittling.

This is good enough as far as it goes (and I have but lightly skimmed the surface), but it was the second prong of the plan that made it unique and Stoeger-like. The company has recordings of wilderness noises, including the growl of a bear, the bark of a coyote and a wolf, the honk of geese and the snarling hiss of a mountain lion. With sounds such as these on his phonograph and with a book on the white tailed deer in his lap, the winter bound, recumbent city hunter can lull himself to dreams of glory. And if he really needs jogging out of his slothful, slicker ways, Stoeger's recorded reproduction of the crackling-sizzle of frying bacon is guaranteed to send him crashing into the woods, tooting on his moose call.

As the world authority on arms, questions involving real responsibility are put to Stoeger's. Early last year Stoeger's was asked to decide whether a Texas thief should be tried for a misdemeanor or a felony. He had stolen a 1914 Steyer pistol from an Army colonel. If it was worth less than \$50 he was a misdemeanor and would go to jail for a few months. If it was worth more than \$50 he would be liable to five years and loss of citizenship rights as a felon. The Texas authorities asked Stoeger's to decide. As a pistol, the Steyer was worth about \$10; as a collector's item it might bring \$75. Stoeger's passed that Solomon decision right back to the Texans.

Stoeger's is regularly asked to decide bets. A common one is the classic question which every hunter has debated. "What would happen to a bullet with a velocity of 700 miles per hour if fired from the rear of a supersonic jet plane flying at the same speed?" Stoeger's says the answer is—and don't ask me why—the bullet would drop straight to the ground.

The winner, after a recent ruling, wrote a note of appreciation in which he touched on the chaos which would quickly envelop the world of hunting and marksmanship if anything happened to them. He broke off his eulogy with this simple declaration of devotion: "May God bless the Stoeger Company."

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Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 10)

the situation. He spots his fish, stalks him across the flats and presents his fly as cautiously as possible. In feeding, the bonefish roots into the sand nose down, often exposing the tail above the surface. This "tailing" is a sign the fisherman watches for, just as the trout fisherman is alert for a rise. Also, in the process of rooting, he kicks up puffs of sand, known as "muds," which can be seen floating off in the current of the tide like tiny underwater clouds, another indication to the fisherman that there's a bonefish on the feed. Quite often the fish themselves can be spotted in the clear, shallow water, drifting along close to the bottom like ghostly shadows.

Other fish, notably barracuda, sharks and rays, cruise the same flats and can be confused with bonefish the first few times they are seen. The sharks appear quite black against the light sand background, however, and the barracuda average conspicuously larger than the bonefish. By the way, if you care anything about your tackle, don't cast a fly to a barracuda, because he'll take it—and keep it. The rays can be confused with bonefish only in that they stir up the sand in clouds with their wing-like flippers as they flap along leisurely like some huge underwater bat. This disturbance they create could be mistaken for bonefish "muds." Occasionally bonefish will follow along in the disturbed water behind a ray, like dogs behind a butcher's wagon, looking for morsels that may have been turned up in his wake. The barracuda, if he's following in the wake of a bonefish, has different ideas. There's nothing he enjoys more than to snap a bonefish in two now and then.

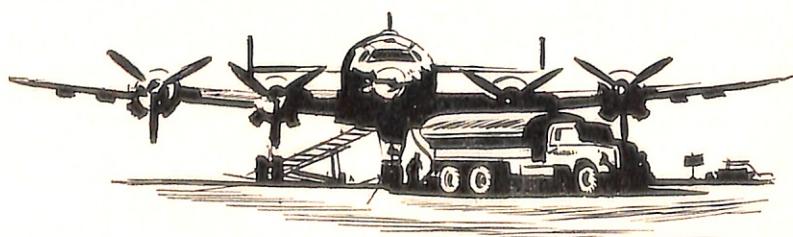
IT'S THIS shallow-water environment that makes the bonefish such a retiring individual. He's an obvious target in the thin water against the contrasting white sand bottom, and he knows it. He suffers from a continual state of jitters. He sees shadows, hears doors creak, imagines footsteps on the stairs and jumps at the sound of his own teeth clicking. The shadow of a low-flying bird, or even that of a cloud at times, will actually put him to rout. And when he's scared, he's really scared. He tries to get going so fast that it amounts to spinning his wheels for an instant; his tail actually knocks a hole in the water so that the pop is heard for a considerable distance.

Once underway he travels at such a frantic pace, pushing up a conspicuous bow-wave ahead of him, that he must feel a barracuda's cold breath on his back and have constant visions of its wide-open jaws all set to clamp down on him.

Generally speaking, a fish is shy in direct relation to the confinement or limitations of his immediate surroundings. Anyone who knows trout, the most alert and cautious of them all, knows this. A trout in a small, clear stream can be taken only on the finest of tackle and by the most cautious approach, but the same trout in a big river or deep lake can be taken by means of much coarser tackle and methods. The shallower the water a bonefish is in—a condition which reduces his usual three-dimensional environment to two dimensions—the more skittish he is. The slightest false move by the fisherman will send him racing for the haven of deep water.

These wide, shallow flats account for the terrific run of the bonefish. When anything goes wrong, as for example when he is hooked, he's going to the safety of deep water or die in the attempt. A fish like a salmon has the same ability to run, but he is seldom caught in a situation where it is necessary. I remember one coho salmon that Corey Ford hooked far from deep water on a shallow tidal flat in Alaska which acted precisely the same as a bonefish. It ran off the fly line, then all the backing, then broke off without changing pace or direction toward the deep. I remember it because Corey is still talking about it.

The two methods of stalking a bonefish in order to present a fly to him are on foot—wading, that is—and by skiff. The skiff has definite advantages, such as keeping the feet dry if the fisherman is allergic to water. Also, the extra altitude provided by standing up in the skiff is quite an advantage in spotting fish or signs of them. Most important, the skiff makes it considerably easier to follow a fish after he has made his run. On clean flats this isn't necessary—the played-out fish can be brought back to the spot from which he started—but many flats are dotted with bottom-growing sponges, sea fans, patches of coral and the like. When a bonefish takes the line around such an obstruction, there's only one thing to do: ease the pressure on the line so that it won't cut and go unwrap it. Fouling the



line or leader and cutting it is the principal means of escape of a hooked bonefish.

In spite of the advantages of the skiff, I prefer to wade. I like to fish on my feet wherever possible. Also, wading gives a person a much more intimate view of the sea floor and the curious things that live there. Bonefishing in itself can be slow at times. There's little point in making a cast unless a fish has been spotted first, and it may be a long time between passing schools of fish. However, wading and watching is fun. The sand itself is usually as smooth and flat as a polished floor, making for good footing, and it's fascinating to see the variety of crustaceans, living shells and myriad other creeping, crawling, scurrying things on the bottom. In addition there are various minnows and miniature fish, some of which usually stop and stare at your legs as much as to say: "Who's this character? Never saw him around here before."

OF COURSE, there are sharks and barracuda. The sharks that frequent these flats, such as sand sharks and hammerheads, are all said to be cowards. Kick water at one and he'll run. I frankly get no enjoyment whatsoever out of kicking a shark in the face, but it is true that all I've encountered have run on sight. Else I wouldn't be writing this. I'm not informed on the proper defense procedure with barracudas, but I know what I do. I stand as still as a hunk of coral rock until they pass. I know that the surest way of making a barracuda hit a plug is to make the greatest surface disturbance with it possible; so I don't go kicking around. My foot might look like a mullet to a not over-bright barracuda.

The only time there is any real danger from such as barracuda and sharks is when the fisherman is landing a bleeding fish. The smell of blood in the water attracts them and has a tendency to make them forget their table manners.

A man doesn't have to be a particularly good fly-caster to take bonefish, although, naturally, there's no harm in it. Most of them are hooked within thirty feet. The bonefish move into the current in search for food, just as a bird dog works into the wind; so the fisherman poles his skiff or wades down current. The fly is dropped a couple of feet ahead of the feeding fish, once located, then twitted along near the bottom in short, sharp jerks. The bonefish does not strike a fly like most game fish. He takes it leisurely, as a rule, just as he would bait, picking it up in his undershot mouth, then sucking it back into his crushers to give it a pulverizing treatment. The best rule is not to set the hook, as in bait fishing, until he is actually felt to give a tug on the line.

When he first feels the hook, he may just mill around for a few moments as though temporarily confused by this audacious minnow that had the effrontery to bite back, but don't be fooled. Shortly it will sink into his bony head that

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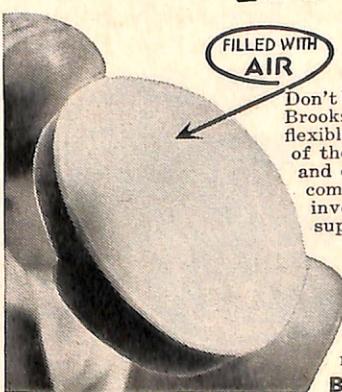
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something is wrong and he'll streak out across the flats like a fleeting shadow. This first run of a bonefish is one of the great moments in fishing, like the explosive jump of a tarpon or the rise of a big trout that has finally been tempted into taking your floating fly.

When he runs, hold the rod high and let him go freely against the click of the reel. Never attempt to check his run. Let him run himself out. That's the only way to land him.

As to tackle, any good bass fly rod will do. The reel is most important; it should

have a smooth, firm click or drag and be capable of holding a couple hundred yards of line. A six-pound-test nylon leader is sufficiently light. Good backing is fifteen-pound-test nylon casting line. It is very thin for its strength and plenty of it can be fitted on a large fly reel. Any large, minnow-like streamer fly on about a size 1/0 hook should bring a strike. A white bucktail seems to work as well as anything.

For the winter visitor in Florida, the flats around Key Largo are as convenient as any for bonefishing. If a man is a

wader, he can fish these flats as much as he wants with little or no extra expense. If he prefers a skiff, this usually entails the hiring of a guide as well, since poling a skiff noiselessly and effectively is a job requiring skill and practice. A man shouldn't attempt it alone. Even if he were capable of doing it, during the excitement and confusion of landing a fish the tidal current could carry him out to sea before he realized it; then he would have to find someone to land him—and landing a boat is no easy job. Ask my friend who hooked the outboard.

Romance Wears a Shroud

(Continued from page 5)

sharply and insistently. There was an urgency about it, a warning. Alan Keith picked up the receiver and said Hello.

The voice that came to him sounded terrified, as though Sharon was fighting a losing battle against hysteria. She said, "Oh Alan! Thank God you're home!"

He frowned and asked what was the matter.

"Something terrible," she said fearfully. "I'm at my apartment. Can you come over right away?"

"Yes. Certainly. What is it, Sharon: what's got you so upset?"

"I can't explain over the telephone. . . ." She was talking fast, her words running together. "Get here as fast as you can. Try not to let anyone see you coming in."

Alan said sharply, "Get a grip on yourself. Look: Jimmy Rogers is here. If something is wrong, why wouldn't it be a good idea for me to bring him along?"

She hesitated, as though thinking it over. Then she said, "Yes. That would be fine. But be careful—both of you."

He promised to get there as quickly as traffic would allow. He put down the telephone and faced his friend. He said, "Sounds bad, Jimmy. . . ." and then he repeated the conversation.

Jimmy Rogers became serious in an instant. "Must be bad," he said. "Sharon doesn't pop off without good cause."

Alan said, "Let's go."

The two young men piled into Alan's convertible and started for the Wickham where Sharon Halsey lived alone in a cozy two-room-and-kitchenette apartment. Jimmy Rogers said, "Take it easy, feller. No use getting to the Wickham via the Receiving Hospital."

Alan's expression was grim. "It must be bad," he said, as though talking to himself. "I never heard Sharon talk like that."

"Maybe," said Jimmy Rogers, trying to keep it light—"Maybe she was knocked flat by that Picasso you left for her."

"This isn't any kidding matter, Jimmy. It's trouble with a capital T."

"But what . . . ?" Rogers shrugged and shook his head. "I suppose there's no use guessing." He sighed, deliberately exaggerating. "Just my luck, three good

seats for the fights, so what happens? We're on our way to rescue a damsel in distress. That's the kind of break I always get."

The Wickham was one of the newer apartments in Hollywood, an aggressively postwar confection of modernistic design with a lobby heavily overdone with chromium and glass. It was a walkup, and the young men passed through the deserted lobby and mounted the stairway cautiously. Jimmy said, "You know, Alan, this seems silly. Even if someone saw us, they wouldn't know where we were going."

Alan said, "Sharon warned me to be careful. You didn't hear how she sounded."

They sauntered down the heavily carpeted hallway, assuming a nonchalance they did not feel but which they hoped would look casual to anyone who saw them. They sounded the buzzer on the door marked 2C and it opened on the instant, as though Sharon had been waiting with her hand on the knob.

Alan's first thought was, as always, "She's beautiful," and then he saw the fright in her eyes, the clenched hand pressed against tight lips.

She was dressed in a simple thing of red trimmed with white. Neither of the men could have described it except to say that it was becoming. She held out an icy hand to each of them and said, "I'm so glad you're here. I couldn't have stood it any longer—alone."

It was Jimmy Rogers who took over. His voice was quiet and reassuring. He said, "The point is, we are here, Sharon. Now tell us what it's all about."

Instead of answering, she led the way

through the tiny foyer and into the living room. It was a fairly spacious room, pleasantly and unobtrusively furnished and decorated. Everything about it was intimate and warm, including the corpse that sprawled on the rug in front of the fireplace.

THE TWO MEN stopped short, looking down at the body of the man who had been Sharon's husband. Then Jimmy said, "When, Sharon? How?"

She answered slowly, carefully. "I came in just before I telephoned you, Alan. I went first into the bedroom and put my hat and coat away, put my bag in the dresser drawer. I walked in here. I saw . . ." She didn't have to finish the sentence.

The two men dropped to their knees on either side of the body and felt for a pulse that wasn't there. The body was still warm, which told them that Don Halsey had been dead only a short time.

There was a bullet hole over the left breast. There was astonishingly little blood. There were no signs of a struggle. Don Halsey, age 34, weight 212, rather too portly and certainly inclined to be gross, appeared to be comfortable, and what was left of an expression on his face was one of surprise, as though he had had a very brief warning of what was in store for him.

Two feet away from the body was a .38 caliber revolver. Alan bent over it and sniffed. He caught the sharp, rancid odor of cordite. He looked up at Sharon. "Whose?" he inquired.

"His," she answered. "Don's. Or mine." "What does that mean?"

"It was his. I think it's registered to him. He left it with me when we separated. I kept it in the drawer of that desk yonder."

Alan said, "You didn't . . . ?" and she answered quickly, "Good God! No!"

Jimmy Rogers said, "Whoever killed him must have known about the gun. That narrows the field considerably. Don knew . . . but this doesn't look like suicide. I've heard you mention having a gun, Sharon. I suppose Alan knew, too."

"Yes," said Alan, "I probably did."

"And you knew, Sharon." Jimmy got



up. Alan followed suit. He reached for Sharon's hand, marvelling at how cold it was. "Of course," went on Jimmy Rogers, "there are the maids who work in the house. The one—or ones—who service the apartment could have known about it. . . ."

"They only come in the morning," offered Sharon.

"And you were out all afternoon?"

"Yes. At that movie. You knew. . . ." Her eyes went to the wall, over the mantel. "That Picasso," she said. "Somebody. . . ."

"I put it there," said Alan. "I left here less than two hours ago. I planned it as a surprise."

Jimmy said quietly, "That isn't going to look good. You have a key, haven't you, Alan?"

"Yes."

"Don could logically have one, since he used to live here. The maids have pass keys. But anyone could get a key to fit that lock. It would be quite simple. Did you expect Don, Sharon?"

"No. I didn't expect anyone."

"Not even Alan. . . . ?" The Picasso looked down at them, grotesquely significant. "Could we move that: pretend that Alan wasn't here?"

Alan shook his head. "I'd be afraid to. Someone could have seen me coming into the apartment with it. I'd better stick to the truth."

THEY LOOKED to Jimmy Rogers for advice. He walked up and down the room, carefully avoiding the body. "Sweet mess," he said, as though reviewing the facts to clarify them. "A pretty girl separated from an unpleasant husband. Her only alibi is her unsupported word that she was at a picture which she admits she had seen previously, so that she could, if necessary, tell the story of the picture. Unless Don has made a new will about which I know nothing—which is unlikely, since I'm his lawyer—Sharon is sole heir, and is probably still the beneficiary of his life insurance. She wanted her freedom in order to marry you, Alan. It was her gun, or, at least, a gun which was in her possession. No. . . . " He raised his hand. "I'm not accusing anybody. I'm trying to figure how it will add up to the police.

"Alan admits being here just a little while ago. They might think he ran into Don, or that Don showed up while he was here; that there was a quarrel. . . . Or I could have been here myself. I've been here often enough, though not as often as I'd have liked." He smiled, but without mirth.

"You didn't have a key," reminded Sharon.

"Forget that. I could have gotten one easily enough. That's our only hope."

"What?"

"Eliminating the house maids, the police will have three excellent suspects. Only one person did it. Maybe they'll be confused."

"You think. . . . ?"

"—That we'll have to call the police? Yes. Of course, if you've got a better idea. . . ."

But nobody had a better idea. It was a grim and ghastly mess, and they all knew it. "My advice is to tell the truth," said Jimmy. "It never seems as bad when you tell it as when they find out for themselves. Shall I call?"

Sharon and Alan nodded, and Jimmy stepped to the phone. He dialed Michigan 5211 and asked for Homicide Division. A crisp voice answered and Jimmy identified himself and gave his whereabouts.

Clearly and concisely he told enough to excite the interest of the man on the other end of the line. Sharon and Alan heard him say that of course he'd wait where he was, that he hadn't touched anything and wouldn't. He put down the instrument and faced the others.

"The chips are down," he said. "Get a grip on yourselves, both of you. Answer their questions as simply as possible. It isn't going to be fun." He took out a pack of cigarettes and passed it around. They all lighted up and seemed to find some solace in the fragrant smoke. "I'll tell them I'm your lawyer, though that won't help because if they ask me, I'll also admit that I've always been in love with Sharon. . . . so I'll be suspect, too." His casualness disappeared suddenly. "Think carefully, Sharon: Did Don have any enemies? Was there anybody other than you who might benefit from his death?"

"Not that I know of," she answered. "Not unless he had changed his will or his insurance policies."

"You've talked to him recently?"

"Over the phone, yes. He called every week or so. He wanted to move back in with me. He said he was still in love with me. . . ."

The buzzer sounded. The detectives had made an incredibly fast trip from the City Hall. Alan opened the door and two men walked in. One—short, compact, with expressionless face and keen gray eyes, introduced himself as Lieutenant Marty Walsh. The other was tall and rangy. He was presented as Sergeant Martin.

They swung into action, examining the body, searching the room meticulously for physical evidence, for tiny scraps of information. They examined the gun without touching it. Then finally they suggested that they all be seated. Four of them sat, but Lieutenant Walsh walked over to the mantel and leaned against it. He looked at them over the body of the dead man.

"Whose apartment is this?" he asked.

"Mine," said Sharon.

"Let's have it then: whatever there is to tell. As accurately and as fully as you can remember."

He didn't interrupt while Sharon was speaking, nor did his shrewd gray eyes waver from her face.

She spoke with abnormal slowness in order to control the turmoil within her.

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She started at the beginning and told it all. Then she started over and went back to the beginning of things: her marriage to Don, its failure, their unhappiness, his stubborn refusal to grant her a divorce, his frequent attempts to re-establish himself as her husband. And then . . . this.

SILENCE filled the room when she finished talking. Having told her story, Sharon was impressed with its shocking inadequacy. There was too much of it, or not enough.

Walsh's voice was flat and expressionless. "How long were you out this afternoon, Mrs. Halsey?"

"From two o'clock until about 5:30."

"You were seeing a picture for the second time?"

"Yes."

"Were you alone?"

"Yes."

"Did you see or meet anyone you knew . . . anyone who could confirm the fact that you were there?"

"No."

"Did you meet anyone in this apartment house when you were coming in?"

"I don't remember. It didn't seem important."

"Was he here when you got in?" His eyes designated the corpse.

"Yes."

"What did you talk about?"

Her eyes closed and she shivered. "We didn't talk. He was dead. . . ."

"Why didn't you call us immediately?"

"I was frightened. I called these gentlemen."

"Why?"

"Mr. Rogers is my attorney and my friend. I'm engaged to Mr. Keith."

"Engaged? How could that be? You weren't even a widow."

"We were engaged . . . that is, we intended to marry when I got my divorce from Don."

"And your husband didn't like the idea, huh? Neither did Keith. Nor you. So perhaps you didn't go to the picture show at all. That stunt of choosing a picture you'd seen before—that was cute. No use questioning you on what the picture was about because you've told us it was your second trip. Maybe you had an appointment here with your husband. Maybe you got pretty mad. Maybe you killed him."

"I didn't."

"It'd fix things up mighty neat."

Jimmy Rogers broke in sharply. He said, "What you're saying is absurd, Lieutenant."

Walsh's eyes got hard. He turned toward Rogers and inspected him slowly, all six feet, all 180 pounds of him. "Who asked you to contribute your two-cents worth?" he inquired.

"I'm Sharon's attorney."

"Well, ain't that sweet? But right now you ain't anybody's lawyer. You're just another guy named Elmer who is also mixed up in this." Sergeant Martin walked over to the mantel and whispered something to Walsh. The Lieutenant nodded. "Who else's lawyer are you?" he asked Jimmy Rogers.

"It's quite a long list. . . ."

"Listen, you: I don't enjoy being kidded, not when I'm on a murder case. I'm talking about these people here. Are you Keith's lawyer?"

"Yes."

"Halsey's?"

"Yes."

"You know anything about who would inherit from this guy?" He looked down at the body, indicating that by "this guy" he meant Don Halsey.

Jimmy hesitated. "I'm not sure," he answered slowly. "Halsey refused to divorce Sharon because he said he was in love with her. So far as I know, he hadn't changed his will or his insurance policies. If he hasn't, then she is his sole heir."

"Halsey's in the chips, isn't he?"

"He's considered a rich man. But look, Lieutenant—you're barking up the wrong tree. Lots of people didn't like the man. I can furnish you with dozens of other motives and suspects."

"Halsey didn't go to see those other suspects, though. He came to see his wife. She says she wasn't here. He didn't kill himself. Popping off that way, he got lots of help. My guess is that Mrs. Halsey is right in the middle."

"Why not Alan Keith?" asked Rogers. "Why not me?"

"Let's turn that around," snapped Walsh. "Why should it be you? Where would you figure to win?"

"I wouldn't. But I didn't like Halsey. I did like his wife."

"How much?"

"I wanted to marry her. She happens to prefer Keith."

Marty Walsh eyed Sharon appraisingly. "Quite a gal," he commented. "Two guys wanting to marry you. You're already married to a third. What've you got that Cleopatra had?"

Jimmy broke in angrily. "I don't think I'd follow that line if I were you, Lieutenant. . . ."

"Oh, you wouldn't, huh? Now you're telling me how to do my job. Well, listen, feller: I'm just a poor dumb cop. I ask the questions and I try to separate the good answers from the bum ones. I go

after those answers my own way, and I don't appreciate help from any two-bit attorney who feels like shooting off his mouth. This ain't a trial: it's an investigation."

"It's a farce. You're accusing Mrs. Halsey of killing her husband. You've got a lot of motive, or what you think is motive. But you're lacking proof. You haven't any evidence."

"Sure . . . sure. But what I got would still sound impressive to a jury. I see what you're aiming at, Rogers. You're trying to confuse me. Well, I don't confuse worth a hoot. All I'm saying is that this is Mrs. Halsey's apartment. She wanted to get free from her husband, but he wouldn't play ball. Now she's free . . . free as a flying bird. According to you, she probably inherits a lot of dough. She says she was out this afternoon, but she can't prove it . . . and don't start giving me that double-talk about she doesn't have to prove her innocence. In Court, she doesn't. Right now, it would help. She could of been here. Halsey certainly was, and it figures he came to see her."

"I could have been here, too."

"Sure. So could the iceman. But were you?"

"No-o. . . . But. . . ."

Alan Keith said, "I was here this afternoon, Lieutenant."

"So-o-o . . . ?" Walsh flicked Alan with his eyes. "The boy friend! What you doing: being noble because it looks tough for the lady?"

"No. I was here for about half an hour, and—"

Jimmy Rogers interrupted. He said, "Take it easy, Alan. What's the sense of feeding information . . . ?"

"Button that lip, Rogers—otherwise I'll have Martin take you outside. Now you, Keith—you say you were here. Who came with you?"

"Nobody."

"Who saw you come in?"

"I don't think any one saw me," Alan said.

Walsh put his hands behind his back and began to pace the floor to the end of the room, then back. He stopped in front of Alan and snapped his words out.

"Was Mrs. Halsey home?"

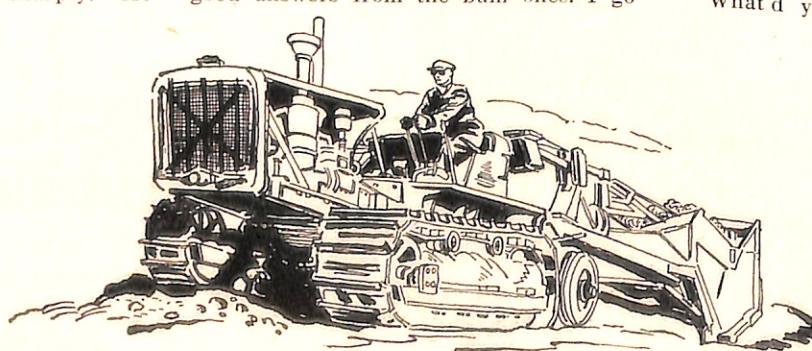
"No."

"Was Halsey here, either alive or dead?"

"No."

"What'd you come for then: just to read a comic book?"

Alan told him briefly about buying the Picasso copy and of hanging it as a surprise for Sharon. The detective studied the thing over the mantel. "Something like that would surprise me, too. I got a kid, she's eleven years old: she can do better than that." His eyes never left Alan's



face. "You know where this puts you, Keith?"

"I'm telling the truth, that's all."

"Sure, all three of you are telling the truth. Next thing you'll try to convince me Halsey ain't dead, that he ain't even here, that nobody shot him. Well, I'll tell you what I'm about to do . . . much as I hate to break up this little party. I'm figuring to book Mrs. Halsey on suspicion of murder. I'll hold you as a material witness. We'll drag big-mouth along . . ." he glanced at Jimmy Rogers, "just for laughs. We'll take you down to City Hall and do a lot of interrogating. Sooner or later, we'll come up with the right answer. We got plenty of time."

Alan shrugged and said nothing. Walsh turned again to Sharon. He said, "Did you know Keith was planning to buy you that thing on the wall, Mrs. Halsey?"

"No-o. But he knew I liked it."

"Was he fond of surprising you that sort of way?"

"He was very attentive."

"So what he did—buying the picture and hanging it like he says—it wasn't out of line?"

"No."

WALSH HAD been smiling. Now the smile left his lips, and his voice took on an edge. "Okay," he snapped. "I've heard plenty." He swung around to Alan Keith. "You're a dope," he said. "Can't you see what this dame is doing? She's setting you up as a patsy. Some way, I don't know how, she knew you were figuring to buy that picture for her. Maybe she checks with whatever junk dealer would sell stuff like that. She knows you'll be here, she knows you'll admit it if you're pressed or if she's in danger. She waits around somewhere until you've done your good deed, and gone. Then she calls her husband, probably makes a pitch at reconciliation. He comes running. She lets him have it. She telephones you, knowing you didn't do it . . . figuring you'll call the police. You got the same motives she has: maybe more. We can come closer to convicting you than we can her. You know, Keith, I don't mind a man being a murderer, but I hate to see him stupid. That's what you are."

Jimmy Rogers stepped forward, his face flushed. He said angrily, "Lieutenant, I hate to tell you, but you're a damned fool. You're pulling all the cheap, tawdry tricks out of your detective book. Well, they won't work. You are—"

"Shut up!"

"I won't shut up. Get this: I don't know who killed Don Halsey. But I'm sure Sharon didn't. I believe her story about being at the picture show. She had told both Keith and me that she was going—which is why he chose this afternoon to buy that painting and to bring it here."

"So-o-o!" Walsh's eyes were icy. "So you're trying to hang it on Keith, too, huh?"

"I'm doing nothing of the kind. I'm

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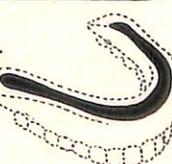
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merely telling you that Sharon had nothing to do with it. Use your head for once, will you? Would she be fool enough to pull a deal like that: her estranged husband, her own apartment, her gun?"

"No," said Marty, "she wouldn't. Unless she had someone all wrapped up, ready to deliver to us. That's where Alan Keith comes in. And he, the sucker, falls for it."

ALAN KEITH had been temporarily forgotten. He knew he was on the spot, and his brain was working overtime.

There was something here which eluded him, something which he felt he should see, some obvious thing he must have missed.

He was nervous and afraid. With the passing of each moment, he felt the net tightening about himself. He refused to believe that Sharon had done this thing, that she had set him up as a pigeon. His mind reviewed the evidence. Sharon could have been at home with her husband . . . but that would be difficult to prove. It wouldn't, however, be difficult to prove that he—Alan Keith—had been at the apartment. He had admitted it. So, eventually, it had to narrow down to him. He was in the middle whether or not he liked it.

Something struck him: an idea which at first was unformed and grotesque, a thought born of desperation. He got up and walked to the window, paying no heed to the bitter verbal exchange which was still going on between Jimmy Rogers and Marty Walsh.

It was then that the idea took shape. His eyes focussed steadily on Walsh's.

"Hold it," he said quietly. "I can clear this thing up for you, Lieutenant."

Walsh said sarcastically, "Oh, another Sherlock Holmes, eh?"

"No. And the fact that I can give you the answer is no reflection on you or

your partner. It just happens that I know something you don't."

"No foolin'. And would you be so generous as to share this brainstorm with us?"

"I would." Alan Keith drew a deep breath. "Don Halsey was killed by Jimmy Rogers."

There was an instant of tense silence, and then he heard a sharp exclamation of protest from Jimmy and an "Oh! Alan—No!" from Sharon. Walsh's voice cut caustically through the room.

"You can prove that, of course?"

"No-o: I can't prove it. But I can give you enough to go on so that you can do some digging and supply the balance. I've always figured that once you knew the identity of a guilty person you could eventually find enough evidence for a conviction."

Walsh nodded. "That's solid, Keith. Provided we go for it."

Jimmy Rogers had walked close to Alan. His hazel eyes were hot with anger, his fists were clenched. "What is this?" he inquired furiously. "What are you trying to do, Alan: save yourself by attempting to pin it on me?"

"No. You see, I'm not in doubt any more. I can thank Lieutenant Walsh for that. What got me thinking was his analysis of somebody setting me up. I figured it had to be done by someone who knew for a fact I'd be here. Sharon didn't know that: I made a particular effort to keep it secret from her, even to telling my secretary to forget where I had gone in case Sharon 'phoned.

"But that restriction didn't apply to anyone else, Jimmy. When you called—three times. I believe you claim—to ask us to go to the fights with you, the secretary told you that I had gone to visit an art dealer. You knew I wouldn't be buying a picture for myself, so you could have figured why I was doing it."

ALL DISABLED VETERANS ELIGIBLE FOR TRAINING

The members of our Order who under the leadership of the Veterans Service Commission have devoted time and attention to the needs and comfort of hospitalized veterans will be reassured to know that under a new law American veterans disabled in military service anywhere in the world after fighting started in Korea are now eligible for vocational training on the same basis as World War II veterans.

Previously, the rehabilitation training had been limited to Korean veterans whose disabilities had resulted from armed conflict or extra-hazardous service. This limitation barred hundreds of veterans who were dis-

abled while serving in non-combat zones from the Federally sponsored training program.

The new Act, known as Public Law 170, 82nd Congress, lifts the bar by eliminating the "armed conflict" and "extra-hazardous" requirements. Under this law, training may be extended to those veterans, disabled in any part of the world after June 27, 1950, who meet essentially the same requirements as their fellow-veterans of World War II: a discharge under other-than-dishonorable conditions, a compensable service-connected disability and a need for training to overcome the handicap of the disability.

Rogers whirled on Walsh. "Are you going to stand there and listen to more of this absurdity?" he asked.

"Sure," said Walsh calmly. "Keith seems to be doing fine."

"I don't agree. He's telling you what he thinks, how he figures I would figure. Don't you see what he's doing? He's trying to wiggle out of a murder by tossing it in my lap."

"So you still think Keith did it, eh?"

"Who else? It had to be him."

Walsh smiled thinly and said, "Go ahead, Keith."

ALAN CHOSE his words carefully. "I better explain something, Lieutenant. It's one of those little things you don't notice at first. It came back to me only because I commenced to realize that my position was bad.

"When Jimmy Rogers came into my apartment this evening to invite Sharon and me to dinner and the fights, he told me first about telephoning me three times. He said he knew I'd been to see an art dealer. I explained that I'd gone to buy a picture for Sharon and that I'd been here to hang it. Later we got a call from Sharon that she had just come in. She was terribly upset. Rogers and I started over here. Naturally, we talked about it on the way.

"Now get this, Lieutenant: it's vitally important. While we were riding to this apartment Rogers said to me, in just these words . . . he said, 'Maybe Sharon was knocked flat by that Picasso you left for her!'"

"So-o . . . ?"

"That was the payoff, Lieutenant—though it didn't strike me then. I knew I had bought a Picasso: it was so firmly in my mind that his statement didn't seem unnatural. But get this: I had not told Rogers that I had bought a Picasso. I never mentioned the name of the artist. And the only way he could possibly have known it was if he had seen the picture, and the only way he could have seen it was by being in this apartment *after* I hung it."

Walsh was watching Jimmy Rogers closely. The face of the young lawyer was flushed with anger, and with something else . . . something, reflected Walsh, that might be fear.

"This whole thing," blazed Rogers, "is ridiculous."

"Why?"

"In the first place, I had no motive."

The voice of Marty Walsh remained deceptively gentle. "You said yourself that you are crazy about Mrs. Halsey. Is that true?"

"Yes, but . . ."

"As her lawyer, and also her husband's lawyer, you knew she still would inherit. In order to inherit, her husband had to be dead. It could be you attended to that. It could also be that you fixed things so Alan Keith would be snagged for killing him. With Halsey dead and Keith convicted of murder, Mrs. Halsey would be

left with one close friend: yourself. It isn't reaching too far to figure she'd eventually turn to you."

"You're just talking, Lieutenant. You're not basing it on anything."

"I was correcting the statement you made about not having any motive."

"You cops always take the easy way. Just because Keith comes up with a lie about my knowing what kind of a picture he had hung . . ."

"It wasn't a lie," said Walsh positively. "I could tell that by your face when Keith made the statement. And what's more, the whole thing fits. Want me to tell you what you did?"

"It can't be any more than a guess."

"A good guess, though, Rogers. And when a detective has made a good guess, he can always prove it, because sooner or later—if he digs hard enough—he'll come up with the evidence he needs.

"Here's what happened. When you learned that Keith had gone to an art dealer's, you figured it must be to buy something for Mrs. Halsey. You've been their closest friend, you know the way they act. You weren't sure, but you were willing to try."

"So you watched this building. If Keith never showed up, you hadn't lost a thing. But he did come. He had the picture. As soon as he left, you came up here. You telephoned Don Halsey. You knew he wanted a reconciliation, you knew he'd come running. By the time he got here you had it all figured. An almost perfect setup. You killed him with Mrs. Halsey's gun. You knew that somebody must have seen Alan Keith entering or leaving the building . . . even if he didn't admit it. You see . . ." and Marty Walsh smiled. "There is always a witness. We can find someone who saw Keith—and believe me, Rogers, we'll find somebody who saw you."

"All right—find 'em if you can."

"A mighty good idea," said the detective suavely. "We'll start right now. Just you and me and Sergeant Martin. We'll go to every apartment in the building, we'll ask every tenant and every employee if you were here . . ."

"And suppose somebody says I was? Keith was here, too."

Sharon said, "There's a difference, Jimmy. Alan admitted he was here. You denied that you were. If your denial proves false . . ."

"Oh! so you've turned against me! Why . . ."

Alan moved in, his eyes narrowed. "Hold it, Jimmy," he said sharply. "Let's not start calling names."

"Why not? You lied about not telling me the picture was a Picasso. She's willing to lie about . . ." Walsh grabbed Alan as he stepped in with clenched fists. He said, "That won't buy you a thing, Keith. Come on, Rogers, we'll make our little identification tour."

Jimmy Rogers did not move and Marty Walsh said, "What's the matter? Afraid to come along?"

Jimmy closed his eyes. He remembered something that had happened right after he had killed Don Halsey. He'd been afraid that the shot had been heard. He had waited a few moments and then had stepped into the corridor to reassure himself. He remembered the open door of an apartment down the hall, a big, blonde woman wearing an elaborate housecoat. She had stared at him and then had closed her door abruptly.

Yes, she would remember. That much he knew. His one chance had failed . . . the chance that he would never be suspected.

He said tensely, "All right, I admit I was here . . ."

"Then Keith told the truth about your identification of the picture he had hung?"

"Probably. I don't see what difference it makes."

"You'll find out. Now then: did you telephone Halsey?"

"Yes. I was trying to be a friend, to straighten things up for Sharon and Alan. Halsey came down. He was in an ugly and belligerent mood. He tried to kill me with that gun. I took it from him. In the struggle it went off and he was killed. It was self-defense."

ONCE AGAIN it was Sharon who spoke, and now her voice carried deep and unhappy conviction. "So you lied about being here, didn't you, Jimmy? And you tried to make it seem that Alan killed my husband." She turned to the Lieutenant. "I think that's what I can't forgive," she said, "that he tried to fix things so that Alan would pay for his crime."

Sergeant Martin moved in and deftly cuffed Jimmy's hands behind his back. The feel of steel bands on his wrists, the horror on Sharon's face, the knowledge that he had wrecked himself by overplaying his hand, that he had overlooked one tiny detail and that Alan Keith had been sharp enough to catch it . . . it all combined to throw Jimmy out of emotional control. He started talking, too much and too fast.

Walsh silenced him. "We've got you, Rogers," he said. "The jury will determine the extent of your guilt."

Sergeant Martin took the prisoner downtown. Walsh waited with Sharon and Alan until the technical men came and made their tests and pictures and measurements, and until the deputy coroner had completed his examination and the body of Don Halsey had been removed. Then he said good night and left.

Alan and Sharon sat side by side on the couch. He put his arms around her as though to shield her from any more trouble, ever.

His eyes fell on the picture he had hung over the mantel and his lips creased into the faintest semblance of a smile.

"Picasso," he said gently. "From now on, he'll always be my favorite artist."

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EDITORIAL

AGAINST THE TREND



Membership in the Order of Elks has shown an increase every year for the past 12 years from 473,927 on March 31, 1939, to 1,041,264 on March 31, 1951. That is an increase of 567,337, or 119 per cent, and when the final returns are in, 1952 will also show a substantial gain.

These figures are noteworthy because they show that the Elks are moving against a trend experienced, unhappily, by other organizations. Some of these are losing members steadily, and others are finding it difficult to hold their post-war gains. We sympathize with them, and we bring up the subject not to point to their troubles, but for the constructive purpose of bringing out a fundamental reason for the persistent, healthy growth in Elk membership, and in the number of our lodges.

Very briefly, that reason is the expansion of the programs, projects and activities by which Elks lodges are serving in so many varied and wonderful ways the people of their communities, states and the nation. Americans are doers; Americans are generous. Americans are progressive and friendly. American men become Elks because they find in this Order an opportunity to give expression to these fine attributes which mark the American character.

The role played by Elks during World War II in services both to the Armed Forces and to the home front won for the Order a tremendous public esteem that was reflected in great membership gains in the immediate post-war period. It is safe to say that if the Order had been content to coast on its war record, this backlog of goodwill would have been dissipated, and by this time the Order would be losing members instead of gaining.

Instead, the tempo of the Order's humanitarian and patriotic services has increased. The Grand Lodge, State Associations and subordinate lodges have expanded and added to their programs. The Elks National Service Commission has maintained its program of aiding patients in all of the Veterans Administration hospitals without let-up through all the years since the War. Its wartime Fraternal Center program, abandoned in 1946 when there was no longer need for it, was re-activated in 1949 when this country began to re-arm. Our youth programs, which had reached impressive proportions by 1948, have been vastly enlarged since then. Lodges and State Associations have launched tremendous programs for the aid of victims of cerebral palsy and other handicaps, for waging war on cancer and other diseases; hundreds of communities are the better for the parks, playgrounds, youth centers and other services contributed by Elks lodges since the war.

Now, under the leadership of Grand Exalted Ruler Davis, the Order is engaged in the greatest, most challenging project it has undertaken since World War II—the contribution of one million pints of blood for the protection of our Armed Forces, a third of the national total

sought. What an inspiring undertaking, and how typical it is for the Elks to take on a tough assignment, and get it done, too.

It's that kind of leadership, it's that sort of tradition, that attracts men to the Elks, and holds them. Economic conditions, of course, play their part in the ups and downs of fraternal groups; but the Elks will be better able to resist any adverse influences because of the great reservoir of loyalty created by this record of service to our fellow men.

THE SCOUTS GO FORWARD



During Boy Scout Week, February 6th through 12th, the organization known as the Boy Scouts of America will celebrate its 42nd anniversary.

The members of the Order of Elks can be counted on to hail this celebration with enthusiasm. Since 1947, our lodges have been joined in a coordinated effort to advance Scout work in America. As a result, we rank high among fraternal organizations in the sponsorship of Scout units. More than 600 of our lodges are already training units under the spreading antlers of Elkdom. If the Grand Exalted Ruler's current aims are realized, our Order will top the fraternal list in number of going units. But numbers alone do not point up our primary interest.

Our contribution to Scouting follows the direction of so many Elk community projects—the broad path of assisting the underprivileged. Our particular endeavor is to do what we can to make this excellent youth training available to boys of families in modest circumstances. It is in this way that we can participate best, by supplying from our membership Scout leaders especially interested in boys of this class, by furnishing suitable quarters for meeting places, by making tangible contributions of equipment and by absorbing the expenses of particular activities. Our assistance thus conforms to the deep-rooted traditions of Elkdom and at the same time materially advances this wonderful work.

In the program of the activities of Boy Scout Week, we note with interest that the 2,900,000 boys and leaders enrolled in the 80,298 Cub Packs, Boy Scout Troops and Explorer Units will voice a public expression of appreciation to the fraternal and other groups which sponsor Scouting.

The 42nd Scout birthday itself will be the occasion for launching a new three-year program of service to the nation through its youth by the Boy Scouts of America. The program will be labeled with the typical slogan, "Forward . . . on Liberty's Team." It will re-emphasize clean living. To develop initiative and self-reliance, it will blueprint more rugged outdoor experiences. In line with the nation's accent on preparedness, it will broaden training in Emergency Service and Civil Defense.

In the fall of 1952, the energetic Boy Scouts are to help get out the vote in the national elections. Their co-operation in stirring eligible voters from their chronic lethargy will be most welcome. Let us hope that not only the active Scouts, but the 19 million alumni identified with the Boy Scouts of America since 1910 as well, will join in this laudable effort and help roll up a record vote.



One thought that must recur to everyone interested in Elkdom whenever he sees illustrations such as these by artist Hy Rubin is this: If it were not for the fact that a million Elks meet with one another and support Elk activities in sixteen hundred Lodges, the services and accomplishments pictured here just would not exist.

Surely, Elk Fraternal Centers would not be in operation for the relaxation of young men in uniform, nor would entertainment and comforts be brought to veterans in hospitals. Instead of participating in youth activities and training in Scout troops, a

vast group of America's underprivileged youngsters would find time on their hands for less desirable pursuits. And in place of Elk financial assistance for higher education, many worthy young men and women would have to find some other way of getting into college, or deny themselves increased learning.

Especially in this month of February do these sketches evoke the larger thought: Elks have been voting dividends of happiness on their own convivial relationships for the past 84 years, since the inception of our Order on February 16, 1868. In dollars and cents, the Order's records tell us

that \$95,935,893.29 has been expended since 1880, the earliest entry, in benefits to needy citizens and institutions, but this sum measures only the money given, not the value of the services devoted to raising it.

Yes, if a small group of men had not themselves felt the urge to seek human friendship and fraternal association in February of 1868, the Order of Elks might never have come into being, and its services to the country's heroes of two world wars, at the front and in the hospitals, as well as its countless acts of benevolence to needy neighbors would never have happened.

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